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The Nation.

March 1, 1986 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

RETIREMENT PLANS

In the good old days of the Raj, colonial powers had ways of removing unpopular viceroys and governors. They were transferred to another colony or brought home on indefinite leave. The United States inherited the responsibility for many former colonies, but it has been unable to devise a comparable system for disposing of redundant rulers. Instead, a makeshift self-insurance system has grown up, under which members of this political class provide their own golden parachutes by investing in foreign real estate and secret Dictators Retirement Accounts in Swiss banks.

Beginning with the fall of the Shah of Iran in 1979, the system came under increasing political and actuarial strain. The Shah set a bad example by demanding not only a retirement home but also medical benefits. Anastasio Somoza left Florida in a huff because the State Department was trying to use him politically. The latest malcontent is Haiti's Jean-Claude Duvalier, who, not placated by hundreds of millions of stolen dollars and a free plane ticket to France, balked at going to Liberia because the *vin du pays* is so poor. The Marcoses will probably make even more trouble when they go.

It's time to rethink the entire system. That means asking hard questions, like: What right does Baby Doc have to appropriate the Haitian treasury, including foreign aid dollars provided by U.S. taxpayers? Why should dictators be granted blanket pardons for atrocities committed during their reign? Shouldn't the people's demands for justice be considered? The nations of the world should boycott all ex-dictators, at least until they give back what they stole. At last report a de facto embargo was in effect against Duvalier. It would be poetic justice if he shared the Haitian boat people's experience of being turned away at every port.

LOOK WHO'S BEHIND STAR WARS
E.P. Thompson

BEING RIGHT IN IDAHO
John Helmick

THE POET AND THE PEDANT
Richard Howard

JENNIFER BARTLETT'S 'RHAPSODY'
Arthur C. Danto

RICH & BORED IN BEVERLY HILLS
Andrew Kopkind

THE JOYLESS REVOLUTION

KHOMEINI'S NEW ORDER IN IRAN

MANSOUR FARHANG

Revolutions, like hurricanes, do not follow predictable courses. The Iranian revolution that brought Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini to power seven years ago last month is a vivid example of this historical truth. Today the direction of its development remains uncertain. Judged against the aspirations of the anti-Shah movement, the revolution is a miserable failure. In the areas of political freedom, social welfare, economic equity, civil rights and regional stability, Iran has decidedly gone from bad to worse. But judged by the criteria of creating and institutionalizing a new political order, the reign of the ayatollahs has been a resounding success.

The enormous human and material costs of this achievement distract many observers from examining the nature and performance of its architects. Criticism of the revolution by its disillusioned partisans focuses on the fundamentalist mullahs' betrayal of the promises of the popular movement that put them in charge of the country. However soothing such an appraisal might be to the disappointed or embarrassed supporters of the revolution, it is not helpful in the task of comprehending the fundamentalist domination of the Iranian state and society. The mainstream American press's coverage of the Iranian revolution and the Islamic Republic is worse; labels and epithets are substituted for facts and analysis.

The mullahs, whose present ascendancy was not even imagined in 1979, have built a new army, the Revolutionary Guards; a new police force, the Komitehs; a new intelligence apparatus, including the Intelligence Ministry; and

(*Continued on Page 242*)

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LETTERS.

FEROCIOUS NEOALPHABETS

New York City

While I have no particular interest in defending William Safire against Jim Quinn ["Lingo," Jan. 18], the question of when or whether to use unfamiliar words, or familiar ones in unfamiliar senses, is more complicated than Quinn lets on. Clearly there is no virtue in resisting alleged neologisms simply because they are (or are thought to be) new. But there are other dimensions to "good usage": notably, clarity and tone.

For example, *funeralize* did come into English in the seventeenth century, but it has not been used since then—i.e., it's not really part of the language, as Quinn seems to imply. Now that it has been revived, or reinvented, what does it mean? To sadden (its original sense), to bury or perhaps something else entirely? The verb *platform* has, or had, four different meanings; not one of them has been used in this century, according to the *Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary*. Thus, resurrecting either verb today will likely confuse the reader, at least momentarily, and thereby hinder communication, which is, after all, the main point of writing.

Other "neologisms" are objectionable because they're pretentious or trendy—used, consciously or otherwise, not to inform but to impress, overawe or befuddle (they are often employed by bureaucrats for just this purpose). Examples include the verbs *implement*, *dotted-line*, *mainstream*, *interface*, *disincentivize* and, to add to Quinn's list, *interact*. I once received a letter from a man I'd interviewed in—where else?—California, saying that it had been "a pleasure to interact with you."

Obviously there's nothing wrong with sounding pretentious or bureaucratic or trendy, if that's your pleasure; it's not mine. Rather, I prefer to follow Caxton, whose advice on usage still rings true after five centuries: "The common terms that are daily used are lighter [i.e., easier] to be understood." Or the Elizabethan critic Thomas Wilson, who recommended that "wee speak as is commonly received: neither seeking to be over fine nor yet living over-carlesse, using our speeche as most men doe."

It is easy enough to refute the Safires and other alleged experts who object to new words on principle or because they're ugly. But such refutations do not, as the lawyers say, "reach" the basic issue: Are the words clear? And, if clear, are they, nonetheless, perhaps hokey? *Robert Claiborne*

LINGUISTIC GULCH

Berkeley, Calif.

Congratulations to Jim Quinn for his unfailingly accurate analysis of the conservative impulses that drive the current plague of pop grammarians.

It's no coincidence that the school of doctrinaire English, our Académie Anglaise, is staffed by mainstream journalists like Edwin Newman and William Safire. The conservative social ethic of the corporate media is embedded in its language choices. Take the linguistically constipated *New York Times*.

The New York Times Index of only a decade ago could not bring itself to use the word *blacks*, although it already listed pages of organizations such as the Black and Puerto Rican Congressional Caucus. Anyone wishing to know about that curious, exotic race could, however, find plenty of helpful entries under "Negroes (general)" or "Negroes (in US)." In all fairness, the newspaper itself had bit the bullet some time before and switched to *blacks*, although not, I suspect, without a great deal of teeth-gnashing and wailing from the senior editorial staff.

Blacks are better off than some groups, like gay people. *The Times*, on those rare occasions when it must broach the nasty subject, still cannot bear to refer to gay people except as "homosexuals," even when this results in odd constructions, such as "homosexual bars" or "homosexual-rights groups." I understand that this is also the policy at the homophobic Associated Press. Ironically, there is much evidence that the use of *gay* for *homosexual* greatly predates the introduction of the latter term, which is a relatively recent invention.

Conservatives fret because *black* and *gay* conjur up images that are vastly different from their clinical counterparts. They allow the reader to view members of the group as real people and as part of a community with a social structure, rather than as atomized biological phenomena. This makes it hard to assign them second-class status. Substitute *Semites* every time *The Times* refers to Jews, and you'll see the difference. *Ted Stroll*

SAFO, SAFAS, SUFFICE

San Francisco

Jim Quinn's article in which he demolishes William Safire as a "dislexicographer" sure did warm my middle-aged heart, made cold, I should say, when that defensive conservative—safiring around—recently concluded one of his political columns with this: "Greed provides the wherewithal for Generosity."

Safire needs more than a good dictionary; although, as Quinn points out, he needs one of those too. *John D. Dolan*

QUINN REPLIES

Cambridge, Mass.

Like other language conservatives, Robert Claiborne is wrong in simple matters of fact. Having learned to look in a dictionary, he must now learn to look in more than one. The *Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary* lists new words and new uses, not the entire English lexicon. That's why it's called a supplement. *Webster's Third*, published in 1966, shows both *funeralize* and *platform* as current verbs. *Interact*, which Claiborne can't resist adding to Safire's list of trendy new despicable verbs, first appeared in print, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, in 1839. Among users: Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Of course it's possible to be pretentious with new words—just as it is with old words. It is also possible to lie and befuddle with some of the most resounding words in the language: *love*, *honor*, *justice*. Is Claiborne proposing to resist them? And create a language in which only the truth could be told? It would be the world's first, and none of us could use it for as long as a day. Dishonesty and evasion are as important as communication in all language use. So is simple variety. If a conductor must say every day that some cars won't reach the platform, he begins to play with language to relieve the tedium. Who would tell him not to? Does Claiborne really believe anyone will be confused by, "The last car will not platform at the station?" Nonsense.

As Claiborne demonstrates, language conservatives assign "newness" to words they don't like because that seems a good way to attack people they don't like just as political conservatives assign *communist* or *secular humanist* to ideas they don't like. Both strategies rely on, and are a product of, abysmal ignorance of history. Words in and of themselves aren't hokey; conservative pretensions to scholarship are. *Jim Quinn*

CORRECTION

Because of a mechanical error, a statement was wrongly attributed to George Curtin in Tim Shorrock and Kathy Selvaggio's February 15 article, "Which Side Are You On, AAFLI?" It was former AAFLI executive director Morris Paladino who "attributed the violence inflicted on the workers to 'different ethnic standards,'" and said, "There's just certain things that the Koreans do." We regret the error.

NEXT WEEK

Roberta Brandes Gratz and Eric Fettmann on Lee Iacocca's Statue of Liberty–Ellis Island Snow Job.

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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CONTENTS.

Volume 242, Number 8

LETTERS
226

EDITORIALS
225 Retirement Plans
227 Harvard Co-opt
228 Grenada Today — *Martin Burcharth*
229 In Re Hirabayashi — *Peter Irons*

COLUMNS
230 Beat the Devil — *Alexander Cockburn*
232 Capitol Letter — *Kai Bird and Max Holland*

ARTICLES
225 The Joyless Revolution: Khomeini's New Order in Iran — *Mansour Farhang*
233 The Pie Isn't in the Sky: Look Who's Really Behind Star Wars — *E.P. Thompson*
238 Letter From Idaho: Reading From Right to Right — *John Helmick*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
245 Mack: Alexander Pope: A Life — *Richard Howard*
246 Siegel and Markoff: The High Cost of High Tech: The Dark Side of the Chip
Processed World — *John Wallace*
248 Art — *Arthur C. Danto*
251 Films — *Andrew Kopkind*

Drawings by Tony Auth

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Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Micah L. Sifry; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Neil Black; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* David Acker, Randall Cherry; *Nation Associates Director,* Nancy Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. Directors: Arthur Carter, Hamilton Fish 3rd, Victor Navasky. © 1986 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $45; two years, $81. Add $7 per year for postage in Canada, Mexico; $13 per year for other foreign. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Harvard Co-opt

The campus conflict over investments in South Africa began at Harvard University in 1976 and, like similar struggles at hundreds of colleges around the country, reached a critical stage last year as the rebellion of the black majority in the racist republic erupted in force. Academic administrators and their boards of trustees have approached the nearby conflict and the distant crisis with predictably bureaucratic solutions: partial divestment, delayed divestment, committee studies of divestment and even complete and immediate divestment if the cost seems minimal and the benefits in terms of campus harmony loom large. At Harvard, with its $400 million portfolio of companies active in South Africa, president Derek Bok's response to last year's embarrassing divestment campaign complied with university tradition: a compromise that seemed to satisfy demands for a liberal and humane policy and kept the alliance of academic, industrial and political institutions intact. Specifically, Harvard would hold on to its stock in corporations that do business in South Africa, and it would set up a million-dollar fund to aid black South Africans. The first program would send students to South Africa as interns.

The intern program has been in place for less than a year, but already Harvard's liberal gesture is a demonstrable sham. An impressive report on the program published by the campus-based Southern Africa Solidarity Committee shows that both the politics and the operation of the intern-

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ship work to legitimize Pretoria's rule rather than subvert it. This year's intern was sent to an overwhelmingly white school and so far has recommended that the program work closely with the South African government's fraudulent "black homelands" system—that interns, in effect, be assigned to play Sun City. Harvard has shown no interest in placing students with schools and organizations actively opposing the apartheid system and in fact is considering internships with schools in Namibia, which South Africa occupies illegally. Ultimately, the report asserts, the Harvard program "is part of a national effort . . . to contain protest and activism relating to divestment."

The report made a splash in Cambridge, and on February 15 twenty black South Africans joined scores of students in a vigil protesting the internship program. The spring season for divestment demonstrations is about to open. Dartmouth College is polarized over the destruction of the antiapartheid shantytown by rightist students, and other campuses are gearing up for the Weeks of Action starting March 21. Administrators at Harvard and other elite universities, worried that the era of student passivity which has held since the roaring sixties is coming to an end, will seek to divert their protesters. We can expect more *beaux gestes* and hope for more exposés.

Grenada Today

On the road from the airport to the hotel my companion, a former student at the American Medical School, could hardly contain his enthusiasm. "Why, the pavement is brand new," he kept saying. "You should have seen the potholes when I was here last time." The next day, when he repeated the observation about the newly paved road at a tourist agency, a Grenadian employee nodded. "That's right," she said, "the road from the airport is one of the few changes."

President Reagan may have been as impressed as the student when he took the same drive last week during his official visit. Unfortunately no one provided the President with a more realistic picture of the situation that exists two and a half years after U.S. marines ousted the Marxist junta that had overthrown the government of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. In 1983 most Grenadians welcomed the marines as liberators, but any hopes they had for a prosperous future as a U.S. ally have now faded.

The Reagan Administration has completed some of the projects the Cubans left unfinished. The controversial airport has been built, the planned roads are paved, and American physicians from Project Hope have temporarily replaced the Cuban doctors. But the anticipated wave of U.S. investment never arrived. The Agency for International Development has poured more than $60 million into Grenada's infrastructure to attract potential investors, and the government of Prime Minister Herbert Blaize has offered them ten-to-fifteen-year tax holidays and other inducements. But in 1984 only two U.S. firms came to the island—a toy manufacturer and a nutmeg packager—and both went out of business in a matter of months. Last year four American companies opened restaurants and a scuba diving center, but Grenada's feeble economy can hardly survive on those kinds of enterprises. Indeed, Americans on the Spice Island are worried about a political backlash. "The infrastructure is not going to benefit the people directly," said one U.S. official. "More cars and roads could even exacerbate tensions. People who were employed under the Bishop government and now are out of work will be saying things are bad. The only solution is more jobs."

The A.I.D. has essentially exported Reaganomics to Grenada, turning the island into a Third World model of laissez-faire capitalism. Thirty state farms that existed before the 1979 revolution, which deposed flamboyant dictator Eric Gairy, were sold to private interests. An importing firm established by Bishop's revolutionary government has been gradually taken over by private investors, as have two state banks that made cheap loans to small farmers. Price controls on certain food items have been lifted, and corporate taxes and tariffs have been lowered. "Rich people have regained their social status and the opportunity to live extremely well," former Deputy Finance Minister Lyden Ramdhanny told me.

Moreover, working people have lost many of the benefits they enjoyed under Bishop. Among the popular programs that the Blaize government has abolished are a housing repair project, the Center for Public Education, subsidized housing and distribution of free milk, oil, schoolbooks and school uniforms to low-income families. In addition, women have lost rights they gained after the revolution.

Grenada's weak manufacturing and service industries have been unable to provide work for thousands of people who lost their jobs in the state sector. The official unemployment rate has risen from 12 percent in 1983 to 27 percent last year. Unofficially, almost half the labor force is looking for work.

But the looming crisis does not seem to have given the governing elite any sense of urgency. Blaize's New National Party, which comprises three political parties, is paralyzed by factional strife, and the Prime Minister is ailing. Directly below Blaize in the party leadership, the ultrarightist Francis Alexis is waiting his turn. If Alexis were to outmaneuver his reform-minded rival, George Brizan, and become Prime Minister, the political situation on the island would certainly worsen. The Maurice Bishop Patriotic Movement, which garnered few votes in the 1984 elections, has lately been gaining support and would fight back against any repressive measures from an Alexis government. The ever-present threat of a comeback by Eric Gairy makes Grenada's political future even more precarious. But Alexis has behind him the island's absentee manager, the Reagan Administration, which seems ready to use dollars and ideology to prop up a succession of inept caretaker governments.

MARTIN BURCHARTH

Martin Burcharth is the U.S. correspondent of the Danish daily newspaper Aktuelt.

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In Re Hirabayashi

The Japanese-American survivors of America's wartime internment camps are celebrating victories in two legal challenges to their evacuation from the West Coast in 1942. On February 10 a Federal District Court judge vacated Gordon Hirabayashi's criminal conviction for violating an order that directed his removal from Seattle to a barbed-wire compound. The second decision, by a Federal appellate panel in Washington, D.C., reversed the dismissal of a civil damage suit filed on behalf of all Japanese-Americans confined during World War II.

The two cases, though separate actions, relied on similar evidence that government officials had deceived the Supreme Court about the military necessity for the internment of 120,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry [see Irons, "Return of the 'Yellow Peril,'" *The Nation*, October 19, 1985]. Upholding Hirabayashi's conviction in 1943, the Court accepted the government's arguments that Japanese-Americans presented a threat of espionage and sabotage and that the lack of time to hold individual loyalty hearings required their mass evacuation. In the recent rulings the judges rejected the government's wartime claims and blasted it for concealing evidence from the Supreme Court.

After a two-week hearing on Hirabayashi's charges of government misconduct in his case in Seattle, District Judge Donald S. Voorhees issued his thirty-five-page opinion. He noted that although the government had claimed that time constraints had prompted the internment program, an official report by Lieut. Gen. John L. DeWitt, commanding officer of the Western Defense Command, stated that insufficient time to separate loyal Japanese-Americans from the disloyal was not the reason for evacuation. DeWitt asserted instead that the "ties of race" made it "impossible" to determine the loyalty of any member of this "tightly-knit racial group." Voorhees also quoted DeWitt's offhand statement that "there isn't such a thing as a loyal Japanese." Shortly before the Supreme Court heard Hirabayashi's appeal, Justice Department lawyer Edward J. Ennis learned of DeWitt's report and formally requested a copy from Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy, who withheld the report from Ennis and the Court.

The actions of McCloy and of Col. Karl R. Bendetsen, who, as liaison between McCloy and DeWitt, ordered War Department records of the report destroyed, struck Judge Voorhees as "an error of the most fundamental character," requiring the vacation of the exclusion order conviction. The judge stopped short of completely vindicating Hirabayashi, however, refusing to vacate his curfew order conviction. Voorhees called the curfew a "relatively mild" burden compared with exclusion and said the Supreme Court would have affirmed that conviction even if it had known of the withheld evidence.

Voorhees totally rebuffed the government's defense of the military orders. Justice Department lawyer Victor Stone tried strenuously at the hearing to introduce the "Magic" cables—decoded Japanese diplomatic messages—as evidence that Japanese-Americans had aided a "vast espionage net" on the West Coast. His effort fell flat. Voorhees indicated skepticism about the cables at the hearing and did not even mention them in his opinion.

In the civil damage suit a two-judge majority issued its opinion on January 21. Judges J. Skelly Wright and Ruth Bader Ginsburg, two of the most liberal members of the District of Columbia circuit bench, reversed the 1984 decision of District Judge Louis Oberdorfer, who had dismissed the suit on the ground that it was barred by the statute of limitations. Wright and Ginsburg concluded that "the Justice Department misled the Supreme Court when it argued that 'military necessity' justified a mass evacuation of Japanese-American citizens."

Although the appellate judges returned the case to Judge Oberdorfer for trial, they knocked out all but one of the suit's twenty-two claims for damages under the doctrine of sovereign immunity, which requires the government's permission to file damage suits. The surviving claim is based on a Federal statute that allows recovery for property losses under the "takings" clause of the Constitution. The partial victory has confronted the plaintiffs, led by the National Council for Japanese American Redress, with a difficult decision. If they go to trial on the property losses, potential recovery would be limited to $20,000 for each claimant and evidence of other constitutional violations would be excluded. But the alternatives—asking the full Court of Appeals for a rehearing or petitioning the Supreme Court for review of the decision—could result in the defeat of all the claims.

Congressional supporters of the redress campaign for Japanese-American internees have arranged a hearing on March 19 before a House Judiciary subcommittee chaired by Dan Glickman. A bill to pay each internment camp survivor $20,000 as compensation for unjust imprisonment has attracted 149 sponsors in both houses, but prospects for election-year passage are slim. Backers of the redress lawsuit plan to ask the Judiciary subcommittee to support legislation that would waive the sovereign immunity defense and allow all the claims to proceed.

The Japanese-American community is divided over redress strategy, although supporters of Congressional and judicial approaches are moving toward unity. A central figure in this effort is Representative Norman Y. Mineta, who invited the House majority leader, Jim Wright, to become the lead sponsor of the legislative redress bill and who endured the internment as a youngster. Hailing the appellate court decision, Mineta said that Japanese-Americans "can have our day in court and present the facts which for far too long have been hidden from review." The lifting of the legal cloud over Gordon Hirabayashi has revealed the injustice that demands adequate redress. PETER IRONS

Peter Irons is a lawyer and an associate professor of political science at the University of California, San Diego. He is the author of Justice at War *(Oxford University Press) and a forthcoming book,* Justice Delayed *(Wesleyan University Press).*

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Was Shcharansky a Spy?

The suffocating piety with which the Shcharansky affair has been treated in the press was at least temporarily disturbed by an interesting Valentine's Day column by Lars-Erik Nelson, Washington bureau chief of the New York *Daily News*. Now that Anatoly Shcharansky has been released, Nelson wrote, we can "dry our eyes" and concede that "by some standards of evidence—certainly by Soviet standards—he was guilty" of spying for the United States, for which activity he got a fifteen-year sentence in 1978.

As one of the most energetic "refuseniks" of the mid-1970s, the English-speaking Shcharansky had particularly close contact with Robert Toth, at that time Moscow correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*. Eager to demonstrate that the Russians were denying exit visas to Russian Jews in civilian jobs on the false ground that they possessed military secrets, Shcharansky furnished Toth with lists of names and workplaces of those who had been refused permission to emigrate. Toth subsequently reported in the *Times*: "Jews who worked on three 'oceanographic research vessels' . . . had been denied permission to emigrate on the grounds that they 'learned their secrets at their former workplaces.' This suggested that the research vessels were actually spy ships." As Nelson writes: "Unfortunately for Shcharansky—and for Toth—this speculation was absolutely correct. 'What Shcharansky did, in effect, was give Toth a list of secret defense plants,' a U.S. official said. And Toth printed the list."

Adding to the case against Shcharansky and Toth was the fallout from a trip to Moscow by Gen. Sam Wilson, then the head of the Defense Intelligence Agency, which had been compiling a catalogue of Soviet military installations as a result of the Shcharansky-Toth collaboration. Maj. Robert Watters, at that time U.S. military attaché in Moscow (thus by definition an authorized spy), asked Toth and another U.S. journalist to meet Wilson. Watters subsequently sent Toth a note saying that Wilson considered his analyses to be excellent. Toth, who seems to have been—to put it charitably—a most amazing chump, threw this note into a wastepaper basket, whence it was retrieved by someone Nelson (who served a tour in Moscow as a correspondent) calls "a drunken janitor" known as Mashina Sasha, or Masha's Sasha, after his wife. Sasha promptly turned Watter's note over to the K.G.B., which just as promptly called in Toth for questioning, at the end of which Toth admitted that Shcharansky had provided him with the names of the refuseniks and their workplaces.

All of which explains why, according to Nelson, one U.S. intelligence official, anxiously awaiting news of Shcharansky's sentence in 1978, cried out with relief at the tidings that he'd got fifteen years, "Thank God it's nothing more than that." Knowing the circumstances, this official had thought it quite likely that Shcharansky would be shot.

Their Gulags and Ours

With Shcharansky safe and sound in Israel, his future is the topic of anxious speculation in that country. Will he follow his wife, Avital, into the ultraright, ultraracist ranks of the Gush Emunim? No one even bothers to ask whether Shcharansky will keep his renowned spirit of defiance in fighting trim by speaking out in favor of Palestinian rights. He is, after all, sensitive to issues of discrimination and injustice and would be admirably placed to urge the case of the Palestinians and denounce the injustices done them. One may hope that Shcharansky will do such a thing, but one may also doubt. If Shcharansky were to move in this direction, I am certain we would witness his abrupt departure from this country's newspaper headlines.

How noble and arousing words from Shcharansky supporting the Palestinians would be, particularly at this time of fevered ethno-religious racism, which actually saw, not so long ago, a writer in *Ha'aretz* make an oblique bow in the direction of that notorious anti-Semitic forgery, *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. Discussing the case of Jonathan Pollard (the U.S. Navy consultant recently charged with spying for Israel) and the issue of dual loyalty, Israel Eldad wrote on December 12:

> What is a Jew in an important position to do when he happens to find secret information about some serious danger to Israel? . . . Will he betray his loyalty to his job and his country or betray his loyalty to his Jewish national identity? The *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* is of course a fabrication and a slander from the aspect of external facts and, for sure, from the point of view of "Jewish rule over the world," but is it really so impossible, and furthermore is it so undesirable, that indeed every Jew in the world should act in solidarity with the Jews in times of emergency and give superior loyalty to his duty to the Jewish nation above any other loyalty?

One Man's 'Terror' . . .

Pivotal in the racist nature of most U.S. journalism about the Middle East are the words "terror" and "terrorism," which have been developed, like much other political and journalistic terminology, to wash the brains of the news consumers and tell them in short order that wog beastliness is afoot. There was a notably unpleasant example of such journalistic submission to the "terror" mode in a *New York Times* article for February 16 by Thomas Friedman, that paper's Jerusalem correspondent.

Friedman's article addressed itself to the "suicide terror war" being waged in southern Lebanon and in what is called the "security zone" maintained by the Israeli forces just above the border. Friedman's report was an ecstatic transcription of the boasts of Israeli military intelligence officials—and their academic accomplices—about how they have terrorized the local population whose land they are occupying. You may be certain that Friedman does not use the words "terrorize" or "terror" for what the Israelis are doing. That category is reserved for Israel's opponents, who are subjected to the standard vilification in such cases: "Religious

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

fanatics, said Professor [Ariel] Merari, the Tel Aviv University terrorism expert, are people who want to change the environment in which they live. 'They are usually prepared to kill others to do it, but rarely themselves,' he said."

Friedman appears to accept this rubbish with equanimity. Did he point out to the professor that by such criteria the Israeli leadership could fairly be described as 100 percent religious fanatic? I doubt it, given the tranquil way he describes the security procedures with which Israeli forces have combated "terrorism": "Anyone who violates this routine at the gates [to the security zone] . . . is shot on the spot, with questions asked later. Some of those shot have been innocent bystanders, Israeli officials said, but the security routine has twice stopped suicide car bombers before they entered the zone."

Well, just how many innocent bystanders have been shot? How much terror has been perpetrated in the name of counterterror? Those questions are answered with a dismaying confession of journalistic impotence when Friedman concludes his handout on behalf of Israel's occupying forces with this news: "As much as Israel uses propaganda in the south to fight suicide warfare, it has taken great pains to limit the flow of news out of the area. No reporters have been allowed to cover the aftermaths of suicide attacks, and virtually no information is released about them." Friedman is therefore reporting only what Israeli officials want him to report about what they are doing in southern Lebanon, and using only the terminology that they, with the Reagan Administration, have developed to justify their deeds. (The disappearance of two Israeli soldiers from the security zone last week was, unlike the fate of the "innocent bystanders," front-page news in *The New York Times*.)

Footnote: On the subject of the virtues of Israeli intelligence—most recently demonstrated in the "interception" (not "hijacking," please) of the planeload of Syrian officials, on the mistaken assumption that the plane contained people Israel wished to kidnap—it's interesting to note the views of former Director of Central Intelligence Stansfield Turner as expressed to the Israeli periodical *Monitin* in January. Asked by Nili Shahak-Bufman how much help U.S. intelligence gets from Mossad, and whether Mossad's high reputation is justified, Turner said:

> Israeli intelligence has failed. Ninety percent of declarations about the supposed Israeli contribution to the security of the United States are public relations. I was fed up to have the head of Israeli intelligence come to lunch with me and then, two hours later, have him explaining on Capitol Hill that he had given the C.I.A. advance warning of what was going to happen in Iran [that is, predicting the fall of the Shah]. This is simply pure bullshit. . . . Before you "help" others, take a look at yourselves. You have failed in your treatment of terror. You failed in preparatory reading of the data in Lebanon [before the 1982 invasion]. You thought that you would be able to establish a Christian government there. You thought you would be able to throw out the Syrians. You have even failed in dealing with terror inside Israel. Israeli intelligence is good, but not in all areas. Above all it is good at overselling its own capabilities.

In fairness to Mossad it should be said that all intelligence agencies vastly oversell their capabilities and achievements, starting with the C.I.A. and going back to the British Secret Intelligence Service, which had a fantastic reputation in the nineteenth century, though it was not founded until 1909. Aside from satellite observation and description, almost all useful intelligence is acquired from a sensible reading of newspapers and kindred public media.

Osricized

There's nothing special in the way that Thomas Friedman so faithfully follows the agenda laid before him. I won't weary you, not this week at any rate, on the topic of the utter spinelessness of the U.S. press in general. I'll just advert to an instance of osricism. (Osric is the spaniel courtier in *Hamlet*. The uncoveted Osric Award for the Washington press corps is currently held by Morton Kondracke, bureau chief for *Newsweek*.) In their interview with Ronald Reagan in the February 11 issue of *The Washington Post*, Lou Cannon and David Hoffman asked the President, "On the subject of Central America, can the democratic resistance in Nicaragua survive without military aid, in your view?" Note the egregious osricism: fawning use of the words "democratic resistance" to designate the *contras*, who are not democratic, whose political structure and command have been cobbled together by the C.I.A. and who operate almost entirely outside Nicaragua—in Honduras, Langley and the safety of Shirley Christian's notebook.

. . . Is Another Man's Torture

We learn from the Sunday newspapers that Mexican authorities have provided the Drug Enforcement Administration with a tape recording of one of its agents being tortured by Mexican drug smugglers. The wretched man's screams can apparently be heard. But may we expect much stir over Allan Nairn's story in the current issue of *The Progressive*, in which Ricardo Castro, a former officer in the Salvadoran Army, gives a detailed account of how a U.S. adviser instructed his colleagues in techniques of electroshock torture?

There's a strictly observed relativism here about who can be designated a torturer and who can't. It's a relativism whose roots can be found, need we say it, in colonial imperatives and thus in racism. The reflexes are always the same. Today the Palestinians, yesterday . . . , but let me quote Barbara Tuchman, writing in the April 1936 issue of *Foreign Affairs*, reprinted in her *Practicing History*: "So completely divorced is the Japanese mental process from the Occidental, so devoid of what Westerners call logic, that the Japanese are able to make statements, knowing they present a false picture yet sincerely believing them. How this is accomplished it is impossible for a foreigner to understand, much less attempt to explain." Onward to Dr. Merari.

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CAPITOL LETTER.

KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

■Voodooing the Press

Last month's Haitian drama reminded one *Nation* editor of an old garment-district joke his father used to tell. Rabinowitz meets Rappaport on the street and says, "Ah, Rappaport, I'm so sorry to hear about the fire at your place." "Shhh," says Rappaport, "it's tonight."

The American officials in charge of concocting the official story about the end of the Duvalier dynasty played a similar joke on the press. Building up Jamaica's role while minimizing America's is one gambit U.S. officials used with success. After all, who would complain about Jamaican imperialism?

The day after Jean-Claude Duvalier boarded a C-141 transport jet, *The New York Times* published a front-page article asserting that a special representative of Jamaican Prime Minister Edward Seaga played a key role in persuading Duvalier to leave. *The Times* cited U.S. and Jamaican officials as saying that the envoy, Neville Gallimore, met with Duvalier for three hours last Sunday in Port-au-Prince and discussed the options "facing the regime, and encouraged the President to leave office for the good of his people and the Caribbean in general."

Two days later *The Washington Post* contradicted that account. "Prime Minister Edward Seaga of Jamaica, a close U.S. ally, also telephoned urging Duvalier to step down and sent an envoy to press the message in person," *The Post* reported. "But a source closely involved in the dictator's downfall said Seaga's call had 'no importance' in the decision and the Jamaican envoy was never received by the President."

This is one of a number of mixed-up stories resulting from inconsistent information passed to the press by the State Department. The Reagan Administration claims, for example, that the French government was first approached about asylum for Duvalier at about 2 P.M. on Thursday, February 6, "in a direct request" from Duvalier to the French Ambassador to Haiti. But *The Post* reported that the State Department asked French officials to grant temporary refuge to the Duvalier entourage almost four hours before Duvalier's meeting with Ambassador François Michel.

Then there is the curious incident of January 31, precisely a week before Duvalier left, when White House spokesman Larry Speakes told a cluster of reporters aboard Air Force One that the government of Haiti had collapsed. After much finger-pointing, the White House and State Department tried to depict the announcement as a simple mistake. Yet a number of unconfirmed reports suggest that an arrangement had been reached to spirit Duvalier, his wife, Michèle, and others out of Haiti. *The Post* quoted one Haitian close to the new regime as saying, "The fact is that the plane was at the airport, the President went to the airport and the President came back." E.F.E., a Spanish-language news agency, ran a story three days before Duvalier's exit that claimed he was turned back from the airport by military forces on the 31st. A Haitian official, who insists on anonymity, told the Washington Office on Haiti that those forces were the notorious Tontons Macoutes, who feared Duvalier's abrupt departure, for good reason. The contradictory official statements to the press suggest that the United States played a larger role in Duvalier's abdication than it is willing to admit.

■Our Man in Port-au-Prince

One pertinent piece of the puzzle that has so far escaped notice is the unusual background of the U.S. Ambassador to Haiti, Clayton E. McManaway Jr. The delicate job of removing a dictator who has outworn his welcome is usually "tasked," in Washington parlance, to the C.I.A. That may have been unnecessary in this instance, because it turns out that McManaway is an agency veteran, who entered the Senior Foreign Service only four years ago.

The Senate confirmation hearing on McManaway's nomination in November 1983 was considered so routine that the Foreign Relations Committee didn't even bother to print it up, but McManaway's résumé, which was placed in the public record, indicates that his C.I.A. career began no later than 1964, when he was made special assistant to the director of the Office of Vietnam Affairs. In 1967, McManaway played a leading role in the C.I.A.'s controversial Phoenix program. Phoenix was responsible for what C.I.A. Saigon station chief William Colby later claimed was the "neutralization" of almost 60,000 Vietcong cadre. The theory that McManaway played a leading role in Duvalier's departure is buttressed by informed observations of European diplomats, who say they first detected a shift in U.S. policy away from Duvalier two years ago, which neatly coincides with McManaway's arrival in Port-au-Prince.

While U.S. officials sought to disguise the American role, they also wanted to leave reporters with the impression that the confused remarks about democracy in Haiti made by Secretary of State George Shultz on February 3 were so "explosive" that they forced Duvalier finally to make up his mind. Of course the most important factor in Duvalier's overthrow was the indigenous opposition to the twenty-nine-year reign of cruelty identified with his name. The U.S. role was to manage the political groundswell so that it did not get out of control. To see how well McManaway understood this, let's return to that sparsely attended Senate confirmation hearing. At one point he was asked, What is the primary object of U.S. policy toward Haiti? His written response pierces all the confusion in the press:

> Given Haiti's strategic location on the windward pass and [its] proximity to the United States, we have an interest in ensuring the presence of a government friendly to U.S. interests and the denial of influence to those powers or forces hostile to the United States.

Student leaders who led the protests against Duvalier have criticized the stage-managed solution that put U.S. security ahead of Haitian goals. They recognize a recipe for "Duvalierism without Duvalier" when they see it.

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ARTICLES.

THE PIE ISN'T IN THE SKY

Look Who's Really Behind Star Wars

E.P. THOMPSON

It is time to take an overview of Star Wars. The project's ostensible goal—to create an impermeable shield—is now generally accepted as impossible. Yet, in the name of this fantasy, political and economic forces are being mobilized, which brings humanity within a new order of hazard. How to explain this seeming absurdity?

We cannot simply attribute all to the whims of President Reagan. Nations do not normally lay heavy burdens on their taxpayers and inflate the national deficit just to humor a leader. Nor do national security establishments endanger their relations with their allies in pursuit of a strategic hypothesis.

There must be some hidden agenda here and some powerful interests at work. President Reagan did not invent the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.) out of the air. He gathered a number of ongoing military programs (ballistic missile defense, antisatellite weapons, laser research), tied them in a bundle and gave them a forward projection and a moral apologia. The military men went along with the plan but tried to turn it to their own, more specialized interests: silo defenses, the abrogation of treaty limits, injections of dollars for their pet projects. The terms of S.D.I. are generous enough, and vague enough, to hold out promise for everyone; there is little need as yet for interservice competition. Nor are the offensive systems of the previous program being starved of funds. On the contrary, all are going forward together.

Where is this likely to lead? Only one thing is certain: it will not lead to Reagan's utopia. History is a record of human intentions diverted to unintended conclusions. No leader's intentions, and no designs for the future, have ever survived the attrition of decades in their original form. Nevertheless, if many billions of dollars are poured into Star Wars research, then *something* will result.

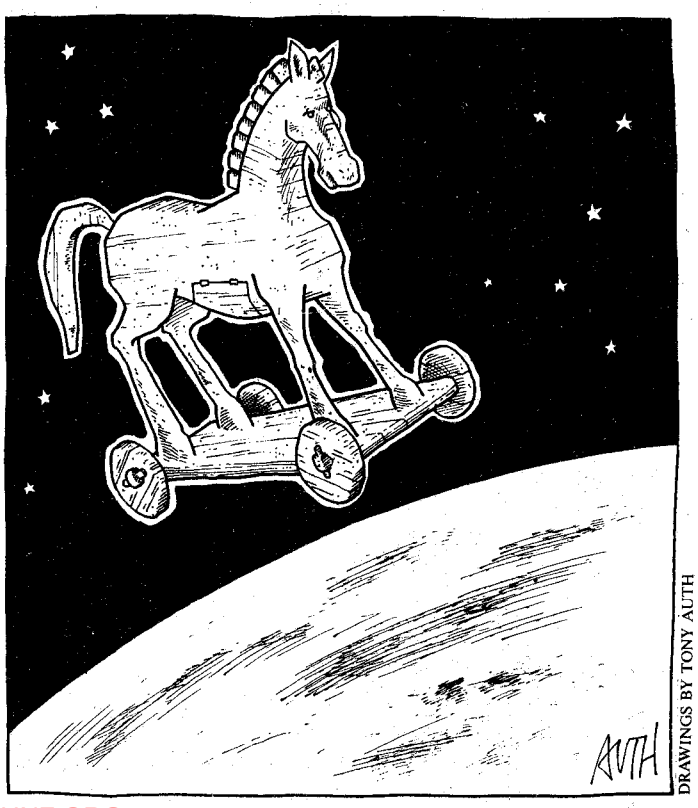
The most unlikely consequence is that the "pop-up" missiles based on land and the orbiting laser platforms will actually get into space. But if they do, William Burrows, director of the Science and Environmental Reporting Program at New York University, has suggested where that might end:

> American fighting mirrors, laser battle stations, space planes and manned-attack platforms will sooner or later co-inhabit the heavens with their Soviet counterparts. Orbiting lasers made in California will be closely followed by space mines made in Yaroslav. . . . It will therefore be deemed imperative to develop weapons that can attack the mines before they attack the lasers that are supposed to attack the ICBMs that are launched to attack the cities and the silos. . . . The earth itself will have been turned into a gigantic orbiting bomb.

What is certain is that the direction of the program would progressively militarize science; would license heavier security controls over scientific, industrial and academic life; and would transfer military decisions to the programmed circuits of advanced computers. Many forward-looking thinkers would feel safer if the destiny of the earth were entrusted to a gigaflop rather than to President Reagan, but traditionalists like former British Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe are not among them. He is still old-fashioned enough to complain about "a situation where the peace of the world rested solely upon computers and automatic decision-making." For, as Lord Zuckerman has noted in *The New York Times*:

> What is critically important is that there could be no human "interface" in any part of the system. There would be no time for human judgment, no time for "no-go" decisions. Once the surveillance satellites had registered a launching, the system would be automatically triggered to execute its single option—to destroy.

The projections of Burrows and Zuckerman are every bit as valid as the official projections of S.D.I. But none of them are likely to come about. The fact is that the military men don't know what their more exotic researches will lead



DRAWINGS BY TONY AUTH

E.P. Thompson is the author, most recently, of The Heavy Dancers *(Merlin) and the editor of* Star Wars *(Pantheon), from which this article was adapted.* *Copyright ©1985 by E.P. Thompson.*

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to. How could they? What they want is the money to find out, and they are happy to let the President front for this by telling the world a moral story. Some of the experiments and projects they are into are weird and wonderful. Some scientists are working on anti-matter and, according to an article in *The New York Times* last summer, are confident that "anti-matter beams could provide an effective and highly lethal kill mechanism." Prime Minister Shimon Peres of Israel said that after emissaries from Washington had persuaded him to come in on S.D.I. they showed him proposals to set up an American missile factory on the moon. "I know that this sounds farfetched," he said, "but it appears as a real and near-at-hand possibility from the material I've read." The chief scientist for S.D.I., Gerald Yonas, is interested in the Jedi Concept for "firing globs of plasma (a cloud of highly energized atomic nuclei and electrons) at nearly the speed of light."

No one knows where research in the name of Star Wars may lead, but a few people know more than others. An executive at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory hinted darkly to a *Newsweek* reporter that "the things most discussed in public are the ones the government is least interested in." The American system is immeasurably more open than the Soviet system. Persons of conscience and whistle-blowers have informed the public in ways that would be inconceivable in Britain. Yet the very openness of a part of the system may distract attention from the parts that are deeply classified. One recalls that for twenty years all military developments in space were concealed under the rhetoric of "space for peace." Star Wars may be the same type of disguise—for example, for the advanced development of space-to-earth weapons, the "orbiting bomb" returned in a new form. S.D.I. "is probably going to be an offensive-weapons system," Senator Larry Pressler has noted. "Anything that can destroy a foreign ICBM within seconds after it is launched would also be capable of delivering a weapon in the same area."

Space-based death rays, Philip M. Boffey has written in *The New York Times*, might be "torched" to burn out grain fields, oil-storage tanks and other targets: as one laser expert said, taking "an industrialized country back to an eighteenth-century level in thirty minutes." The first nation to send up space-based lasers of this power would have "the longest 'big stick' in history, according to the expert," and "the capability for unilateral control of outer space and consequent domination of the earth."

If such "kill mechanisms" are on the way, we will not be told. And the neat new weapons, while suitable for space, might perform even more nicely on earth. Not only the Americans but also the Russians—or the Japanese or the West Germans or the British—are likely to make additions to the inventory of lethality.

Seen in this way the military services are secondary partners in Star Wars. They do not motivate the program, but they have crowded behind the banner of S.D.I. and are rushing it forward in pursuit of a multitude of longstanding strategic and service interests. Their research designs combine perfectly with the second component, which is an authentic motivating force driving Star Wars forward: the rapacity of the military-industrial-academic complex.

Star Wars was conceived by those whom Lord Zuckerman once called "the alchemists of the laboratories," the research and development lobby in the high-tech and aerospace industries. As soon as the President gave S.D.I. his favor, powerful interests mobilized behind it. As Hans Bethe and his fellow scientists have warned, S.D.I. is acquiring "institutional momentum." In a letter to *The Wall Street Journal* they wrote, "When a trillion dollars is waved at the U.S. aerospace industry, the project in question will rapidly acquire a life of its own—independent of the validity of its public justifications." It will become an unstoppable juggernaut.

Projections of the cost of deploying S.D.I. range from $400 billion to $1 trillion and more. Even projections of the cost of research over the coming five years, usually given as $26 billion, fluctuate, not only because they are subject to annual Congressional modification but also because S.D.I. budgetary estimates do not include a number of research projects (in antisatellite technology, radar, lasers and particle beams) that were in place before S.D.I. began and that will continue simultaneously. Taking these into account, research and testing of the program's components could cost some $90 billion between 1984 and 1994, at which time a decision would be taken on initial deployments. It has been estimated that between 1984 and 1990, S.D.I. projects will move up from constituting 3.7 percent of the Defense Department's R & D budget to 13.1 percent. According to figures provided by the independent Center on Budget and Policy Priorities, by 1987 its research allocations will have overtaken the individual budgets for the MX missile, the Midgetman missile and the Trident 2. Star Wars will then be at the leading edge of the military-industrial complex.

Even this is not the whole story. Countering criticisms that S.D.I. could be easily evaded by underflying aircraft and cruise missiles, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger advised that the shield must be supplemented by a program of air and coastal defenses (radar, interceptor aircraft and surface-to-air missiles) estimated by critics to cost $50 billion a year. This perhaps explains the suggestion that members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization should subcontract into a "tactical defense initiative" and pick up some of the costs of research and development. Add to this the anti–Star Wars program of penetration aids and foxy tricks which is already being funded.

We do not have to speculate on who is behind all this, since they can be identified. Eighty-seven percent of the S.D.I. and antisatellite contracts in fiscal 1983 and 1984 were received by ten companies. Seven of those ten are among the Pentagon's top twenty private arms contractors. They include the major contractors building offensive weapons: the MX missile (Rockwell, T.R.W., AVCO), the B-1 bomber (Rockwell, AVCO, Boeing, LTV), the Trident missile (Lockheed) and the cruise missile (Boeing, Litton). Rounding out the group are McDonnell Douglas, Hughes Aerospace and Teledyne. Martin Marietta (the contractor

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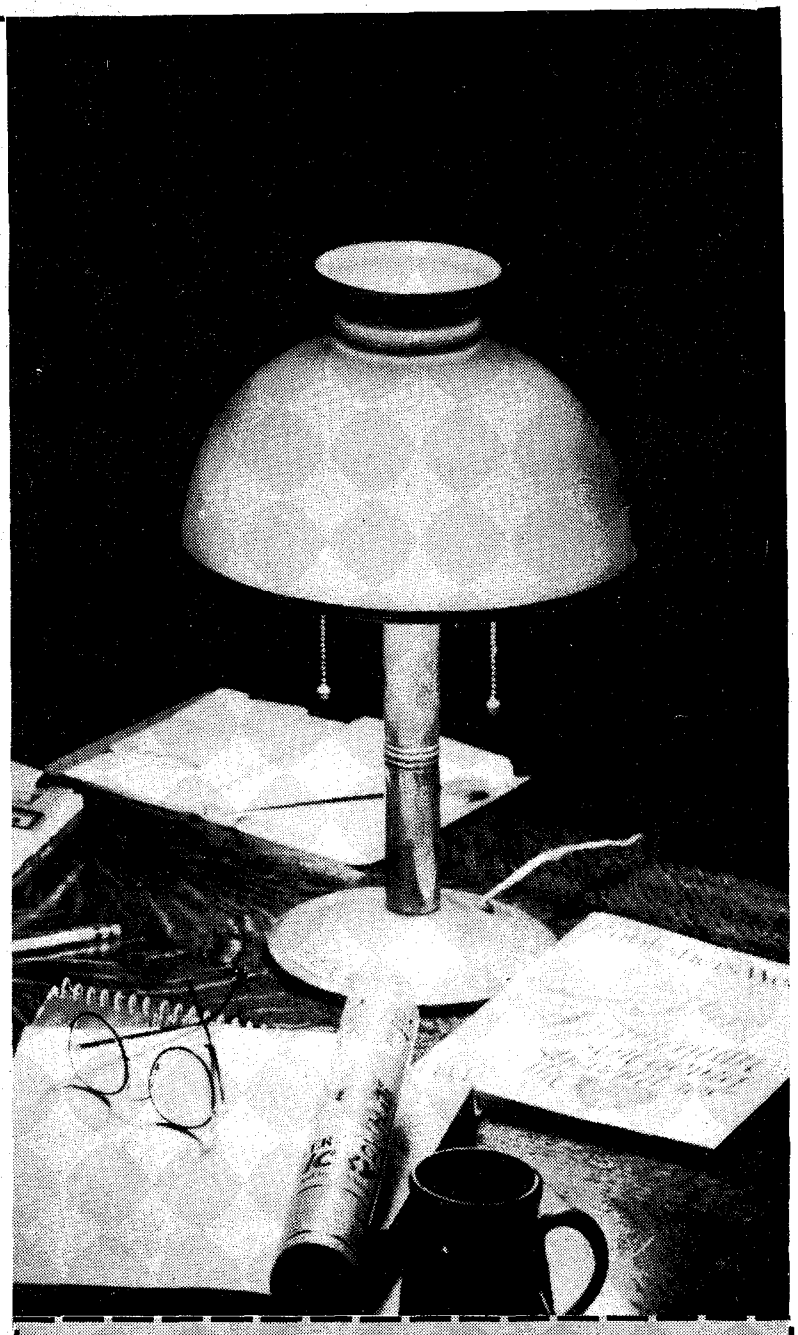

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for the Pershing 2) came in thirteenth place, after Ford Aerospace and Science Applications International. No doubt the table seating will change as other giants move up, like Grumman and Honeywell, and as new high-tech consortiums are set up. But this is where the thrust comes from.

Two other interesting points arise from the early contracts. First, 72 percent of the large long-term contracts so far have gone to U.S. Army projects related to terminal ABM defenses: i.e., point defense. And in 1983 and 1984, 45 percent of prime contracts in space weapons went to the President's home state, California. Moreover, 77 percent of the prime contracts went to states or districts whose representatives or senators sit on the armed services committees and the defense appropriations subcommittees. That is how the pork barrel works.

The machinations of this lobby are transparent and are legitimated by free-market ideology. In fact, the notion that such contracting is competitive is largely a spoof. The giants negotiate with the Pentagon and one another, and the major contracts are not put out to open bidding. In a sense, the world's peace movements must take a share of the blame for these developments. They made nukes unpopular, and the major weapons contractors could see the future market for endless "modernizations" and "new generations" of offensive weapons beginning to shrink. Their shareholders felt insecure.

Military research requires a long lead time (five, ten or more years), and in less than five years the order books for the MX, the Midgetman, the Pershing 2, the B-1 and some cruise missiles would be empty. What on earth could the hapless giants do then? Answer: they must go into space and pretend it is for defense. S.D.I. research contracts are simply the seed money for developing the next generation of orders. Meanwhile the big companies will be kept alive by pushing their existing stock. But they want to be sure that the seed will grow into a new crop. As one contractor said: "Everybody knows that you don't make money on technology research programs. We've got to have deployment." Or as Boeing's representative added: "There is an awful lot of money here. . . . If we can do something for the government that is within our resources and make money, we will. We are not philanthropic."

These giants subcontract much work to the minnows of the trade, and to computer and electronics companies, some of whom hope to grow into whales. By 1985 there was a stampede of smaller contractors to the doors of Lieut. Gen. James Abrahamson's Strategic Defense Initiative Organization. An investors' newsletter called S.D.I. "money from Heaven," and another commentator likened the excitement among high-tech operators to "a fish-feeding frenzy." The scientists already in the weapons laboratories were enlisted to enlarge the military-industrial-academic complex. Some universities were pushovers. The universities of Alabama, Arizona and South Florida received early contracts. Carnegie-Mellon at Pittsburgh won, against stiff competition, a $100 million contract as home for the Air Force's Software Engineering Institute; the State University of New York at Buffalo formed a consortium with General Electric and the Naval Research Laboratory for S.D.I. research, with $2.5 million budgeted for the next three years.

But to their credit both scientists and administrators at leading universities have refused to be seduced. A critical objection in the United States as in Europe is the Pentagon's insistence that "principal investigators" have security clearance, giving rise to the fear that research will become classified and will be withdrawn from publication. And American scholars, with their remarkable tradition of international exchange, are offended by recent government attempts to limit contacts with foreign colleagues, whether Communist or not.

The complex that embraces Boeing, NORAD, SUNY and Livermore laboratory supplies not only the material sinews of Star Wars but also some of its ideology. Rockwell International (contractor for the MX missile and the B-1 bomber) has long had a space-operations and satellite-systems department, and in 1981 its director said, "Rockwell, obviously, has been spending some time over the years thinking about—hopefully on a bipartisan basis—what the U.S. space program should be." It also has a space-transportation-system development department, which contracts for the space shuttle. In competition with Boeing it has been developing a Space Operations Center, an orbiting eight-person space station. It also has ideas for an "on-demand launch vehicle, to get anywhere on earth within ninety minutes," and, in the twenty-first century, a geostationary space base 22,250 miles up: the ultimate military command post, with global battle-management capability.

Rockwell and its cousins do not just wait for demand and then research to supply. They supply politicians and the public with the ideological and military demand, which they then supply with weapons. Air Force Col. Morgan W. Sanborn, retired, manager of new business requirements for Rockwell's space-transportation department, is an example of the breed of legmen who move from the Pentagon to the arms industry and who also act as P.R. agents to the opinion makers. He also has a taste for global history. "Past civilizations have risen and fallen and the West seems to be in decline," he once observed. "Space is an area where we might establish new goals, galvanize public opinion, regain our momentum."

This ideological rationale was presented by Rockwell in a booklet titled *Space: America's Frontier for Growth Leadership and Freedom*. It warned about America's slowdown in economic growth, dependence on imported fossil fuels, loss of military superiority and "decline in national morale." It reminds us that if the arms contractors are no philanthropists, at least they can wear philanthropy's mask. The mask they have donned in the past year or two is that of their benevolent mission to the whole national economy. The space program, they say, is "at the very frontier of technology," and it "spawns technological advancement that ultimately help to foster higher productivity, open new markets and develop new products." S.D.I. research will have amazing spinoffs, which will bring the whole U.S. economy to a third industrial revolution.

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This corresponds closely to the analysis proposed by Claude Cheysson, France's former Foreign Minister and now a European Commissioner, that the motivation for Star Wars is not military at all. It is to enhance the competitiveness of U.S. capitalism through measures of "military Keynesianism." The argument has some force, yet it may be overlogical. The messiness of the interests involved do not suggest a prescient governing rationale. And the difficulties should be considered.

Powerful as the arms lobbies are, they are not majority shareholders in the American economy. Insofar as they grasp resources, they will compete with other sectors: farming, construction, transportation, manufacturing, the service industries, health, education and the rest. In any budget retrenchment S.D.I. will even compete with other, more credible demands of the armed services. It will also compete for personnel and skills: more than one-third of America's scientists and engineers are already involved in military projects.

Moreover, the diversion of vast resources toward nonconsumable ends—throwing billions of dollars into holes in space—with a steadily rising Federal budget deficit might be the way to destroy the U.S. economy. Many experts contradict the euphoric promises of civilian spinoff from Star Wars research. Although there are some examples of such secondary benefits in the past, Japanese and West German developments in computers, microprocessors and high technology have been attributed to the emphasis those nations place on civilian research, unlike the United States and Britain. And military development is increasingly turning out what Mary Kaldor calls baroque products—obscenely ornate, technologically fragile and expensive dead-end products, with no possible social relevance. What possible civil organization could require a seventh-generation computer performing at thirty gigaflops a second, unless perhaps the police?

It has been one of the dreams of the Star Warriors that they might incite the Soviet Union into a "technological end run," a competition in space so expensive that it would bring the Soviet economy to ruin. Edward Teller favors this route. Star Wars would have "a devastating impact" on the Soviet economy and defense establishment, he says. "Forcing them to reduce the burn phase will obsolete all their weapons and force them into very costly expenditures." Isaac Asimov has added:

> I don't think Star Wars is feasible and I don't think anyone takes it seriously. It's just a device to make the Russians go broke. But we'll go broke too. It's very much of a John Wayne standoff.

Undoubtedly the cost of S.D.I. experiments, at a time when the Russians are trying to revive their own flagging economy, is one reason Soviet leaders dislike the venture so much. But it is a practical question whose economy will break first. Will Star Wars fall into the hole being dug by the U.S. deficit? Will we look back on the entire episode as a kind of South Sea Bubble, a psychodrama in which corrupt politicians, cynical speculators and the gullible public brought about total economic collapse?

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The S.D.I. spinoff is more likely to be a "drip-off," as Jack Mendelsohn suggested in the *New Statesman*. It may even come to be seen by the American public as a rip-off. Huge sectors of private industry will get no cut of the cake. At the same time as appropriations for S.D.I. are being forced through, Federal funding for welfare, health and farming are being cut or stopped outright: child nutrition, urban and rural development, the Job Corps. Resentment is growing over the bribery, guaranteed high profit levels, costs and general inefficiency endemic to the weapons industry. The areas of industrial decline in the Northeast and the Midwest resent their Federal taxes being channeled to the arms contractors of the prosperous Southern Rim. If the American public should detect that S.D.I. is not about a shield at all but is likely to enhance the dangers of nuclear war, then the freeze movement might swiftly be reborn—and in a tougher form, in which the anger of the ripped-off American poor united with the altruism of the peace campaigners. The military-bureaucratic-industrial-academic complex is immensely powerful. But it is not all of America, nor all of America's industry and academies. It does not have to win. □

LETTER FROM IDAHO

Reading From Right to Right

JOHN HELMICK

Boise

Idaho is Reagan country. In 1980 and 1984 we were second only to Utah in the percentage of votes cast for the President. This spirit was still in evidence when he came here last fall to urge the re-election of Senator Steven D. Symms, a protégé of Jesse Helms. One hundred people, including Potato King J.R. Simplot (who flies a fifty-foot American flag over his home in the Boise hills), paid $1,000 each to meet the President and dine, appropriately enough, on ostrich.

Sometimes it seems that Idaho's political spectrum extends from the right to the wacky right to the certifiably psychopathic right. At the ultraviolent end we have the Church of Jesus Christ Christian, or Aryan Nations, as it also calls itself. Its members are true believers in the innate superiority of white Christians, especially those unafraid to hate, if not kill, in His name. And the Aryan Nations begat The Order, a more activist neo-Nazi group which somewhat prematurely waged war against the U.S. government (which it calls ZOG, for Zionist Occupied Government) from Washington State to Missouri.

After a series of shootouts and other too-close encounters with police, most of the surviving Order leaders were rounded up and put on trial in Seattle. Charges against them ranged

John Helmick is a freelance translator of Greek and German articles.

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from murdering Denver's outspoken radio talk-show host Alan Berg, to staging armored car robberies, to counterfeiting $10 bills. Stiff prison sentences were handed down.

Although happily less violent, the wacky right is wreaking its own kind of havoc. On the national level Senator Symms sometimes outdoes his mentor. The two teamed up to block approval of the antigenocide treaty in 1984. Then the Senate proposed a substitute resolution supporting the principles stated in the treaty that was so blandly worded that even Helms gave it the nod. The final vote was 87 to 2; Symms was one of the holdouts.

Symms is pretty tough on communism. He objected to a Russian Awareness Week held in Boise a few years ago, apparently fearing that if we gullible Idahoans were told that Soviet citizens don't have horns, we would rush to take out party cards. He's a bit softer on apartheid, though. He defended Jerry Falwell's slap at Bishop Tutu and sided with Helms in opposing sanctions against South Africa. Our other Senator, James McClure, shares with Symms and seven other senators the distinction of receiving a zero rating from Americans for Democratic Action.

Symms's challenger in 1986 will probably be Governor John Evans, who is competent and well liked and therefore passes the Twice and Thrice Test: to win as a Democrat here, you need twice the smarts and thrice the rectitude of your Republican opponent. That means that Democrats who do get elected in Idaho tend to be of a high caliber, such as the late Senator Frank Church or former Governor, and later Interior Secretary, Cecil Andrus. Richard Stallings, one of Idaho's two Representatives, is a Democrat, but he got around it by telling everyone in his district (where, according to the *Congressional Quarterly*, a majority of voters regard the Democratic Party platform as being "one step away from socialism") that he is not a liberal. He was elected in 1984 by only 133 votes over his opponent, incumbent George Hansen, whose otherwise loyal supporters suspected he might have had to spend much of his term in jail for falsifying financial disclosure reports.

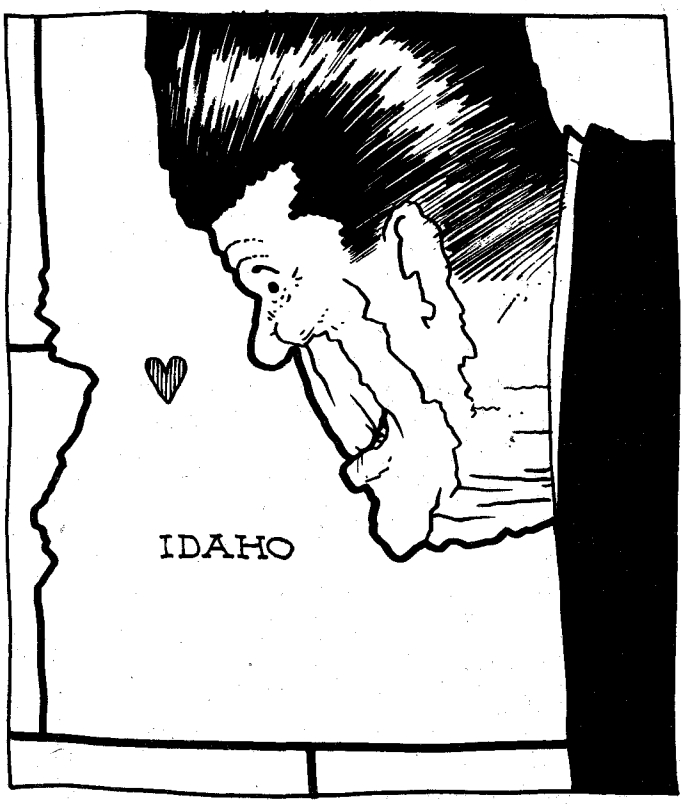
While waiting to see if he has to do time, Hansen has sponsored television advertisements attacking the Internal Revenue Service. They show I.R.S. agents smashing car windows to get at cowering mothers and crying babes. Pretty powerful stuff—too powerful for the White House, which asked Hansen to drop the ads, which included a message from President Reagan calling for tax reform.

Not incidentally, the commercials were recorded by Atlantic Video, an arm of the Unification Church, for distribution to television stations throughout the country. The Moonies and the Idaho right wing are closely linked. On the day that the Rev. Sun Myung Moon finished serving his jail term for income tax evasion, a number of Idaho legislators, flown to Washington, D.C., at the church's expense, attended his coming-out banquet. One member of the contingent, State Representative Dieter Bayer of Boise, presented Moon with a trophy. Back home, State Representative Robert Forrey of Nampa explained that the state's lawmakers supported Moon because they share his view that the progressive income tax is Marxist-inspired.

Idahoans are a fiercely independent, if often wrongheaded, lot. They have been known to object to paying taxes for their highways and to sending their kids to public schools, where they might be taught evolution and other abominations. They tend to chafe at the rule of law wherever it pinches. But some Idahoans are worried more about their empty bellies than about getting the government off their backs. Idaho's three main industries are in deep trouble. Farms are going bankrupt, the timber industry has been on a downward slide for years, and mining is being badly hurt by high interest rates and an inflated dollar abroad. Idaho's "new poor" are emptying both privately and publicly funded food banks and putting an unbearable strain on the soup kitchens. One food bank helped about 4,000 in the first six months of 1985—1,700 more than in the same period of 1984.

Lest it be thought that Idaho is totally and irretrievably right-wing, it should be noted that we do have some consumer-protection and peace groups. The Snake River Alliance is both. For years it has been keeping a sharp eye on the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory, which stores much of the spent fuel from government nuclear reactors and atomic submarines. The I.N.E.L. has been accused of carelessness in the past, and without the Snake River Alliance, Idahoans might be glowing in the dark by now. Members of the Boise Peace Quilt Project are quietly working on a joint effort with some Soviet women. And then we have the Ada County Citizens for Peace and Justice, who get in the news mainly for demonstrating along the Idaho route of the "white trains" that carry nuclear warheads.

There are a lot of sensible people out here, after all. Among them are J.R. Simplot's neighbors, who have complained that his enormous flag snaps in the wind so loudly



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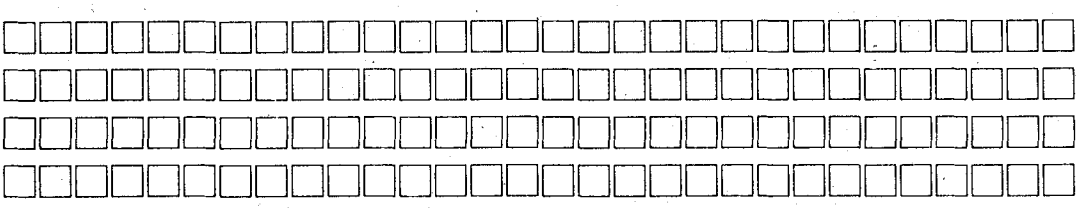

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that it keeps them awake at night. In Idaho ostentatious patriotism still justifies all incivility. The last time I looked, the flag was still there. □

Khomeini's

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

a nationwide network of patronage, and administrative, charitable and propaganda organizations. Nearly a million employees have been added to the government's payroll. The Shah's military and police forces have been thoroughly transformed and now serve the mullahs. The long-term plan is to absorb them into the Revolutionary Guards and the Komitehs.

Besides commanding the loyalty of the new state employees, recruited largely from among the urban poor, the regime has developed a popular base. It is generally assumed to be small, but it is passionate and capable of being mobilized on short notice. For the first time in modern Iranian history a significant segment of the society identifies with the state, its leaders, ideology and functionaries. Furthermore, members of the ruling elite take pride in their independence. They are so committed to their native roots that they spurn all foreign models. Iran is their cultural homeland, and a Golden Age from the distant past provides them with a utopian vision. Their rejection of both East and West, strategically, culturally and ideologically, has instilled in them a sense of vanity that borders on xenophobia.

The rulers of the Islamic Republic are conservative in cultural matters, totalitarian in politics and uncertain in economics. They are united in their commitment to Islamize the country's educational and judicial systems. They are also united in their determination to suppress any challenge to their control. Only on economic issues are the fundamentalist clerics divided. This division reflects both the conflict between rich and poor in Iranian society and the doctrinal disputes among holy men over Islamic teachings on private ownership and free enterprise.

The shopkeepers in the bazaars and the landowners who oppose the state's interference with their pursuit of profit rely on their clerical allies for protection. The lower-middle class and the urban poor, who are still waiting for the government to fulfill its promise to improve their lot, also have their advocates among the clerics. The debate between the pro- and anticapitalist mullahs is carried out in the press as well as in the Majlis, or parliament. Needless to say, both cite Koranic verses in support of their positions. The Koran is big enough to support opposing positions on any argument among believers.

The regime has been unable to solve the nation's problems in large part because Khomeini lacks interest in the class conflict plaguing the society and the doctrinal differences dividing his clerical lieutenants. In the early days of the revolutionary government the Ayatollah demeaned economics as a subject "fit for donkeys." Responding to a public complaint about inflation he said, "We did not make a revolution to lower the price of melons." However, in his message to the opening session of the Majlis two years ago he changed his tune, urging the newly elected deputies to give the problems of unemployment, inflation and housing the highest priority. This new concern has not been any more productive than his earlier aloofness. The Majlis has been as helpful as donkeys.

Indeed, only on social matters, such as education, art, entertainment, courtship and sexual mores, does the Islamic Republic have coherent policies. Maintaining that the corruption of Iran began with the constitutional revolution of 1906, which paved the way for secular reform, the fundamentalist clerics regard the Islamization of society as their principal goal. The Islamic Republic rejects all secular studies as unnecessary at best and blasphemous at worst, and the universities have abolished most courses in the social sciences, humanities, art and music. Reading materials considered contradictory to Islamic doctrine or values have been destroyed, or removed from libraries and bookstores. Even students applying for admission to engineering and medical colleges must pass a comprehensive examination on *feqh*, or religious law.

All textbooks used in secondary schools have been rewritten to reflect the theocratic state's view of society, science and history. Schoolchildren receive daily fundamentalist indoctrination. All instructors, including those who teach mathematics and geography, must pass the examination on *feqh* or lose their jobs. The following remark by Khomeini to a group of visiting students summarizes his fear of non-Islamic learning:

> We are not afraid of economic sanctions; we are not afraid of military invasion; what frightens us is cultural dependence. We are afraid of the imperialistic universities that train our youth to become servants of the West or Communism.

Along with transforming education, the rulers of the religious republic have Islamized the country's legal system, particularly in the area of criminal law. Islamic tradition compels judges to base their rulings on Koranic edicts and the sayings or practices of the Prophet. With hundreds of judges and thousands of minor officials offering different interpretations of the true meaning of the Islamic codes, it is difficult for anyone to escape the puritanical wrath of the regime. The arbitrariness of law enforcement is a source of terror and uncertainty among the citizenry.

The regime's repressive measures are aimed primarily at a segment of the middle class that over the past three generations has developed a secular outlook. This group—made up of civil servants, the intelligentsia and modernist professional and entrepreneurial elements—is regarded as a threat to traditional ways and thus to the moral authority of the mullahs. The fundamentalist state regards the destruction of this group's life style, at least the public manifestations of it, as an immediate objective and as a goal of long-term educational and judicial policies.

Mansour Farhang, a professor of politics at Bennington College, was revolutionary Iran's first ambassador to the United Nations. He resigned in May 1980.

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Surprisingly, given the feudalistic character of politics in modern Iran, open disagreements exist in the ranks of the Islamic regime. Under the Shah there was no debate on public policies. The press unanimously praised the official positions, and the Majlis, whose members were virtually selected by the Shah, rubber-stamped his proposals. Furthermore, the Shah's identification with governmental decisions was so pervasive that the security forces treated any criticism of a policy or a public official as an attack on the regime. Under Khomeini, many public issues are seriously debated in the press and in the Majlis. Also unlike the Shah, Khomeini rarely interferes with the day-to-day affairs of the state. He sets the general parameters of the domestic and foreign policy issues he happens to care about and lets the Majlis, the Cabinet and the judiciary deal with lesser matters.

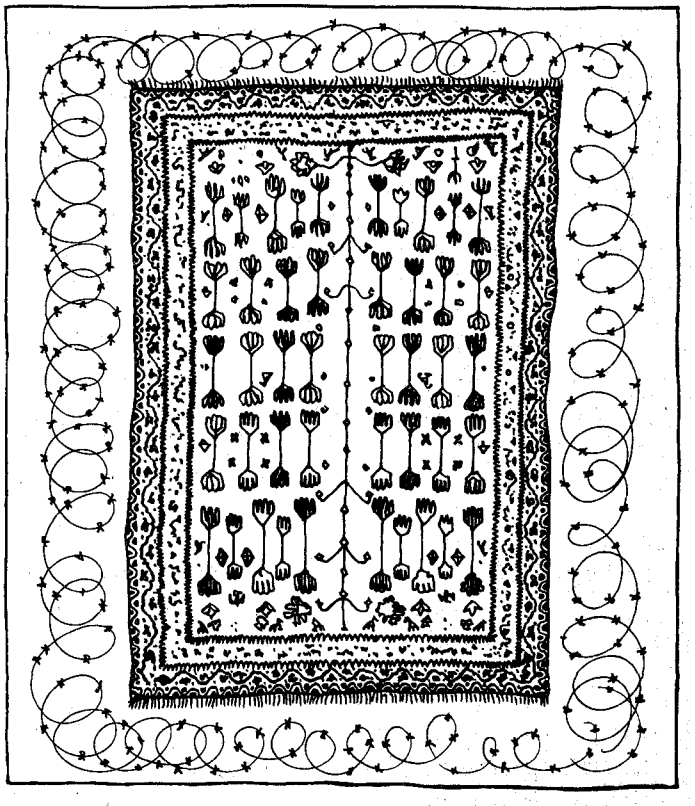
Even though opposition parties are barred from participating in parliamentary elections, the campaigns reveal the rival tendencies in the regime. In the last Majlis elections more than 1,200 candidates, all passionate fundamentalists to be sure, competed for the 250 seats. Such competition has produced an independent and powerful legislative body, a truly rare development in Iranian politics. As a result there are a number of informal factions in the Majlis, and the delegates engage in a lively, if not always substantive, exchange of views and accusations.

During the Shah's reign Iran's two major daily newspapers, *Kayhan* and *Ettela'at,* were privately owned, but they operated under strict censorship by Savak, the secret police. After the fall of the Shah both were confiscated by the revolutionary regime and transformed into public corporations. Yet the state has exercised no systematic control over their operations. Although the newspapers practice self-censorship and have a complete affinity with the regime, they are not mouthpieces for the government. They publish a fair amount of material that questions or criticizes specific actions or inactions of public officials and government agencies. The publishers and chief editors of both newspapers are appointed by Khomeini and are accountable to him alone.

Khomeini's positions on certain foreign and domestic issues are considered absolute. In foreign policy these include his unwillingness to settle the war with Iraq as long as President Saddam Hussein remains in power and his refusal to recognize Israel. He opposes, for the time being, the reestablishment of diplomatic relations with the United States, and he condemns the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in no uncertain terms. On the domestic front, Khomeini is unbending in his demand for total Islamization of the country's educational and judicial institutions; he calls for mandatory observance of Islamic mores and customs in public places and prohibits any form of joyous or sensuous art and entertainment. He seems to support a mixture of private enterprise and state control in the economy. On all but the last of these issues the competing factions in the regime unanimously support Khomeini, even though they might have pragmatic objections to certain policies. For example, a number of influential mullahs are known to favor a settlement of the war; others believe the regime should accommodate nonpolitical members of the secular middle class. Yet such views cannot be expressed publicly without serious consequences for their advocates. Given Khomeini's vague and vacillating pronouncements on the proper mix in the national economy, however, the heated disagreements on economic issues are likely to remain unresolved during his lifetime.

Last October the Majlis debate on these matters touched off demands for the ouster of Prime Minister Mir Hussein Moussavi. The dispute became so divisive that the Ayatollah was compelled to intervene. In a letter to a group of deputies he said, "I do not believe a change of government advisable at present." Then he carefully qualified his support for Moussavi, saying, "The right to choose belongs to the President and the Majlis, and that right must be respected." In the end, seventy-two delegates voted against Moussavi, and two nominees for his Cabinet were rejected.

The Ayatollah has no taste for official reports and no patience for details. Nor is he interested in dealing with administrative matters or discussing development or construction projects. On issues that don't concern him, men like Majlis Speaker Ali-Akbar Hashemi-Rafsanjani, President Ali Khamenei and the new state prosecutor, Mohammed Moussavi-Khoeniha, a key architect of the U.S. hostage taking, are constantly politicking to influence policies. Khoeniha is the most doctrinaire of the three; Rafsanjani, the most pragmatic. Khoeniha favors cooperation with the Soviet bloc countries and continued intransigence toward the United States. Rafsanjani and Khamenei are rivals, but they both want to normalize Iran's diplomatic relations with all states regardless of their ideology or alliances. Khomeini's support for this view, except in the case of the United States, explains Iran's recent efforts to improve its



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diplomatic relations both in and outside the Persian Gulf region. That overtures have been made to Saudi Arabia and Pakistan, which were once considered lackies of the Great Satan, demonstrates that Iran is adopting a more pragmatic foreign policy. When radicals objected to this change, charging that the export of the revolution had been abandoned, Khomeini replied:

> From the very beginning, we have said that we intend to export our revolution. That export is not achieved, however, by military action. Rather, we pursue it by voicing our ideas around the world. Sometimes ignoramuses or those who are ill-intentioned say we should not have relations with other countries . . . . No one made any such comment at the dawn of Islam when the Prophet himself sent ambassadors to other countries.

The Islamic Republic of Iran has gone further than most twentieth-century revolutionary states in honoring its prerevolutionary debts. Even the Great Satan is satisfied with the Ayatollah's punctuality in redeeming his theocracy's financial obligations. Cooperation between the United States and Iran at the claims tribunal in The Hague, which was established to effect the release of the hostages and to settle the financial disputes between the two countries, has been smooth. So far Iran has paid $510 million to American claimants, whose assets were appropriated by the revolutionary government. More than half the cases have been settled by negotiators without having to go before the tribunal. Still, only 111 out of the 500 major claims have been resolved. At this rate the tribunal will complete its task in the year 2006. By then the Ayatollah will be in Paradise and—who knows?—the last cases may be negotiated in the American Embassy compound in Teheran.

The mullahs of Iran who pay their debts and play pragmatic politics are among the worst abusers of human rights in the world. Their treatment of women is repugnant; they persecute religious minorities and charge their opponents with "warring against God" and "corrupting the earth." Before coming to power, the fundamentalists advocated a humane interpretation of Islamic laws and judicial practices. Now they have surpassed their predecessors' brutality. Torture is routine in the Islamic Republic. Amnesty International puts the number of political executions in Iran since the fall of the Shah at 6,108 but estimates that there have been thousands more. And as was the case under the Shah, the exact number of political prisoners cannot be determined. The fundamentalists have successfully built a theocratic state, but in the process they have become the engineers of the most joyless revolutionary transformation in the modern world. They seem to be possessed by morbidity; they represent the victory of ignorance over injustice.

The sixty clerics who make up the Assembly of Experts have designated Ayatollah Hussein Ali Montazeri as Khomeini's successor. But it is hard to imagine Montazeri leading the Islamic Republic as Khomeini has done for the past seven years. In addition to being charismatic, Khomeini, who is in his 80s, is the product of nearly a century of struggle against internal despotism and external manipulation. He assumed state power with virtually the unanimous support of the Iranian people. This celebrated beginning was indispensable to Khomeini's retaining moral authority while his fundamentalist followers built the coercive apparatus of the emerging theocracy. It is doubtful that the Revolutionary Guards and the Komitehs would show another cleric the loyalty they have shown Khomeini. Sooner or later these bodies will produce charismatic leaders from their own ranks and will have more to say about who should rule than an assembly of clerics.

It is difficult to imagine the Islamic Republic without an absolute leader. Whoever succeeds Khomeini must be able to control the Revolutionary Guards, the Komitehs and the Intelligence Ministry. Montazeri, the son of a peasant, lacks personal magnetism and the necessary shrewdness. On many occasions he has spoken his mind so bluntly that he embarrassed and irritated his colleagues. He does not act or talk like a man who wants to be feared. His sentiments on socioeconomic issues are populistic, but he does not express his views persuasively. He is known to be susceptible to appeals for mercy.

Before the revolution Montazeri spent twelve years in either prison or internal exile. He exhibited courage and patience in captivity. In Qum he was first a student and then a follower of Khomeini. He was released from prison in December 1978 and visited Khomeini in Paris in the same month. Khomeini likes his former student's honesty and simplicity. He does not consider him learned but respects the sincerity of his belief in the righteousness of the Islamic Republic. The fundamentalist mullahs generally like Montazeri because he is the only Grand Ayatollah who is revolutionary and unintimidating. They all think they can influence him.

Thus it seems that Montazeri is unqualified to be the absolute ruler of a complex theocratic state. At best, he will be a figurehead, with somone like Rafsanjani becoming the strongman. Montazeri's accession will answer the immediate question of who is to take over after the Ayatollah's departure, but what will happen beyond that is difficult to foresee. It would be a historic achievement if the fundamentalist clerics could resolve the problem of succession without violence. Peaceful transfer of absolute power has no precedent in Iran. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Rape of the Life

RICHARD HOWARD

ALEXANDER POPE: A Life. *By Maynard Mack. W. W. Norton. 975 pp. $22.50.*

Thirty-five years ago Maynard Mack wrote an "introduction to Pope" ("a great poet because . . . ") in the Pope volume of *Twentieth Century Views*, a series of which Mack is general editor. In 1969, having become Sterling Professor—the climax to an academic career at Yale which began with a B.A. in 1932—and having edited several volumes in the Twickenham Edition of Pope's *Poetical Works*, he published *The Garden and the City*, a brilliant study of Pope's later poetry in which mention is already made of "the rounded image of the man that I hope eventually to write." Now, in a volume of nearly 1,000 pages, which weighs five pounds and cannot be held in one hand for longer than three minutes without discomfort, we have that rounded image, so complete a biography as to be virtually spherical, "a comprehensive account of the man in his times."

Certainly Maynard Mack knows, and tells, more about Pope than anyone else has ever known and told. Certainly he has an acute ear for Pope's kind of poetry, as well as a sharp eye for the fit details of a fascinating, even an emblematic, life. Nor is Pope the kind of poet who can be enjoyed, or in fact understood, without a detailed "life and times." I found this out when I attempted, last November, to give an evening's reading from the poet's works at the Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YMHA; performing Pope without footnotes meant cutting every one of the poems by at least a third, meant missing half the fun and most of that focused sharpness of illuminating intelligence that we may call the wit of the period. Therefore I do not for a moment complain that Mack has been too detailed, that he tells too much. I should be eager to hear a good deal more about Pope's relation to—his descent from, his dethronement of—Dryden, of which Mack makes surprisingly little. He makes a lot, on the other hand, of Pope's translations of Homer (whereby the translator was enabled to become the first prosperous English poet since Shakespeare) and of his edition of Shakespeare (an edition so deficient yet so determined to rescue the dramatist from what Pope saw as the fate of Chaucer in the reading of his contemporaries). Mack even affords us, this late in the day, some documents that have never before been published, the letters and poems of "Amica," a younger contemporary of Pope's whose identity is not known but who turns out to be one of the most vivid groupies in literature. Mack stages his scholarly scoop with great skill. He quotes Amica's last letter, written in the last year of Pope's life:

> I will be at Twickenham to morrow if I hear you are better . . . [and] you may be assur'd, in Case of your Removal, I will not boast of that Friendship, which you so prudently, in regard to my Character, have conceal'd. I can say no more but that I am with just Esteem, Most valuable Man, Affectionately Yours.

He then closes his chapter: "She kept her word. Her encounters with Pope and what she felt for him, are here made public for the first time."

Everything about Pope that is in this huge book is, I mean to say, of enormous interest, and it is retailed with great authority. The efforts of others to do what Mack has done are shown to be nugatory; poor Peter Quennell, whose biography Auden used to think so much of, is not anywhere mentioned by name, though his book is jeered at in the preface: "That undertaking seems to have been abandoned following the appearance of its first volume in 1968." The attention to pictorial evidence—representations of Pope and by him—is steadfast and revealing, and if one has the determination to respond to all the scholarly matter, this book's mere quantity will not be perceived as discouraging. The scholarship is what ultimately keeps one going. So what is it that so often brings one to a halt? What is the matter, if it is not the matter?

The problem is one of tone. Somehow, in the course of a commitment to Pope almost as commanding, as predatory, as Leon Edel's to Henry James, Mack has entered upon that possessive resonance, that plummy timbre, which I believe has not been so distinct in a work of scholarship since the days of George Saintsbury. He is so certain of his mastery of the material that he allows himself to put in almost everything else; to allude, to refer, to echo and to cite whatever, from a life of reading, he remembers, knows or suspects will sound well. The book begins, incredibly: "It was the best of times and it was the worst of times." And it ends, on the penultimate page: "As a poet of our own day has handsomely reminded us, the ploughman sticks to his ploughing . . . no matter that Icarus is falling out of the sky." Irrelevancies.

Mack calls up a bewildering range of echoes and direct quotations of other poets—harking back to what he calls "Ben Jonson's picturesque phrase" and to "Shakespeare['s] . . . golden spell" as well as to his "never-failing sanity," and forward through Milton to Keats and Wordsworth, Browning, Arnold and Hopkins ("no mean judge"), to Auden and Dylan Thomas. Eliot is usually referred to as "a poet of our own century," as is Cavafy, but the professorial twitch is felt in the Shakespearean identifications, which are legion: "tendered by Shakespeare's Polonius to Laertes"; "to borrow a phrase from Shakespeare's Enobarbus in *Antony and Cleopatra*"; "the sort of fellow of whom Iago complains in Shakespeare's *Othello*." Yet quite as many of the allusions are unmarked, sometimes oddly sorting together, as when "a man's reach should exceed his grasp" and "the dancer indistinguishable from the dance" occur in one sentence with no attribution at all—just clubman's rhetoric.

Besides the hundreds of irrelevant citations, there is the difficulty with contemporary diction. Although Mack is eager to let his colleagues at Yale have it ("like a certain few critics of our own day, quite insensible of their inanities"), he is not sure how far to advance along the modern track. Hence the following references, quite odd in a life-and-times of Pope: "[a] crackdown by . . .[the] government"; "the busy hum of wheeling and dealing"; a "stereotypical whiz kid"; "a sharp drive to the baseline in the incense that is sweeter to the offerer than to the deity"; "sexual politics with

Richard Howard's ninth volume of poetry, No Traveller, *will be published by Atheneum in the autumn.*

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a vengeance!"; "supplying an enlarging literate public with its daily fix"; "knocked himself out to make good on his commitment"; "here he had going for him the relative strangeness"; "Ariel's instructions to his elite corps of Green Berets"; "[such] poems . . . are not, as the saying goes, our thing"; "the passion for far-out behavior"; "arranged so dramatic a lift-off"; and "like a particularly nauseous harpy with both sphincters set on *Go*." Those locutions are mixed with the style of an Edwardian pundit: "much else warrants quotation but space forbids . . . suffice it to say"; "a mind as supple as a fine blade"; "the shifting rainbow of incident and the quicksilvery crescendos and diminuendos of tone of which translating many thousands of lines of Homer had given Pope a mastery unparalleled"; "the crosscurrents of sheepish tenderness and confusion that every man who has ever loved a woman knows"; "the erotic shimmer that hangs over the entire poem like a heat haze over a meadow on an April afternoon"; "one may hear in that little word *away* (if one listens) a still sad music that is like hearing in a seashell the muted roar of the sea"; and, best (best?) of all, "eroticism suffuses the poem like a sea . . . [but] as the foregoing samples all too sadly show, the moment one tries to capture the iridescent bubbles of its innuendo . . . they explode to soapy water."

Between the archaizing rhetoric and the peppy neologisms, there is a more severe difficulty. Mack is so sure of what did happen, of what he knows for certain, that he indulges himself in the most outrageous suppositions, the kind of language I believe no biographer is entitled to employ:

> Did he pause to consider that a teasing symbolism might lurk in making the main walkway between the river and his garden a sort of dark underworld passage, where, as in the *Aeneid* he knew so well and the *Odyssey* he was soon to translate, the lost wanderer looking for his home must forgo the familiar world to consult a world of shadows. . . . or was it merely that the glimmering twilight of the grotto made his own and his visitor's emergence into the resplendent scene that lay beyond it a more gratifying experience?

Such speculation is pervasive, from the very first pages (" . . . must have held Pope spellbound . . . doubtless not owing to any want of vanity. Nor was it, one suspects . . . one may imagine the trumpet-tones . . . probably at this age not unmixed with satisfaction . . . all these thoughts may have been roosting in Pope's brain . . . or they may not. They must at any rate have gathered there like homing pigeons . . . making it all but impossible not to wonder . . . Pope must occasionally have thought . . . one might almost guess . . . nor is it entirely inconceivable . . . Pope may have been thinking of that here . . . "). My cento is concise compared with the preposterous inferences that fill my notes. One's patience with Mack is sorely tried by such diction, and patience is required in a book of this length.

There *is* a rounded image to be had in Mack's biography, but it must be picked out of a great deal that is impertinent. In part, the image is rounded because the corners have been knocked off, the sharp edges have been sanded down by the kind of professorial manner that is disabling. The incisive figure against the vivid panorama—a necessity if we are to read Pope with pleasure—is not to be discerned, except at the cost of a vast amount of what Mack, characteristically, calls "eyewash prepared to formula for the tired typist home at teatime," never acknowledging the curious allusion to Eliot and the elitist class distinctions. As well as a complete and rewarding biography of Pope, this work is an act of literary intimidation and what used to be called a bookman's diversion. My understanding has been deepened by it but not elevated; broadened but not intensified. □

High-Tech Handwringing

JOHN WALLACE

THE HIGH COST OF HIGH TECH: The Dark Side of the Chip. *By Lenny Siegel and John Markoff. Harper & Row. 247 pp. $16.50.*

PROCESSED WORLD. *$3 per issue. Available from 55 Sutter Street, No. 829, San Francisco, CA 94104.*

Like the assembly line, the steam engine and the automobile before it, the computer packs quite a metaphorical punch. Depending on who's talking, it represents efficiency, productivity and full employment or a variety of social ills. Because it signifies so much more than pure machinery, the computer—and the whole notion of high technology—has attracted its cheerleaders and detractors. The authors of *The High Cost of High Tech* fall too comfortably into the latter camp.

An urgent nudge to those of us who remain intoxicated by the bold, boundless potential of the computer, *The High Cost of High Tech* trots out a litany of microchip-based woes far worse than the familiar fears of microwaves and impudent whiz kids tampering with one's bank accounts. In what amounts to a muckraker's tour of Epcot Center, Markoff and Siegel enumerate a host of high-tech indecencies. For example, military and civilian technologies have enjoyed a fruitful alliance since World War II; the Air Force's frantic search for an earring-sized guidance system that could fit into the nose of a missile initiated the kind of research that has brought us those benign Apple IIs and Commodores. Reliance on computerized data banks—in essence, file cabinets accessible to anyone with the password—can compromise our privacy and dilute our civil liberties. Computers have played a dubious and well-publicized role in the educational crisis, too. Strapped for funds but seduced by the lure of new technologies, school administrators embrace computer literacy without the proper perspective or resources to train tomorrow's "high-tech" citizenry.

It will probably not surprise readers to learn that a new category of haves and have-nots has emerged: the information-rich, with access to data bases, services and jobs that characterize postmodern comfort, and the information poor, whose experience with computers is limited to a few hypnotic hours with an arcade video game. Huge corporations, long an important source of revenue and business for libraries, the postal system and other information networks, will increase their use of private computer-based services. As a result, public utilities will continue to deteriorate, widening the gap between those who can and can't get to the new information services.

It's hard to believe anyone still has

John Wallace is a freelance writer in New York City specializing in culture and technology.

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any illusions about the down side of high technology. Assembly-line workers, office drones, upwardly mobiles and corporate top dogs have all grappled with the specter of automation—whether it takes the form of replacement by robot, the institution of new computer-based office systems or even something as banal as computerphobia. High-tech malaise has quite clearly triumphed over certain naïve presumptions about the saving graces of circuitry.

Siegel and Markoff do provide something of a service in their compendium of complaints, even if it's only by way of justifying our fears and anxieties. But the book never rises above the level of a survey of horrors because its canvas is too large. Trying to focus on the whole high-tech kit—labor, environment, education, imperialism, civil liberties—leaves little space for tracing the history of technological malfunction and the appropriate responses to it.

Each chapter contains a random sampling of factoids, anecdotes, impressions, a statistic or two and the predictable road-map descriptions that pop up so often in computer journalism: "In the heart of Silicon Valley, at the crossroads of California Highway 237 and U.S. 101, looms a five-story-high windowless building known to many as the Blue Cube." This detective-story passage describes the Sunnyvale Air Force Station and introduces the chapter on the military-civilian high-tech connection. The chapter dances from issue to issue: the downing of KAL Flight 007; a drunken meeting of the Association of Old Crows (a consortium of civilian and military specialists devoted to pioneering and promoting electronic warfare); a close call in 1980 when a defective computer chip nearly triggered a nuclear exchange; expensive military funding of artificial-intelligence weaponry; the obsolescence of the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty. Tossing these ill-assorted items together in their salad of atrocities, Siegel and Markoff conclude:

> Unless we as a society place the genie of high-tech weaponry back in the bottle, the nuclear button may soon be firmly and perhaps irretrievably planted in the "hands" of an unthinking automaton thousands of miles overhead.

Without demanding a full-blown plan of action, this chapter ought to have included something of the other side of the story—the organizations mobilizing to counteract Star Wars, the government

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Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.

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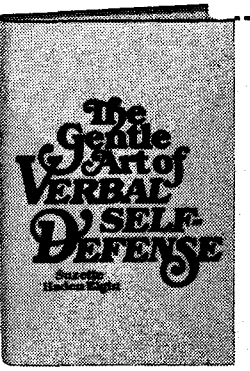

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representatives for and against new systems testing.

Other topics get similarly incomplete treatment. The chapter on education misses or dismisses many of the factors that make this issue so problematic and interesting. It ignores, for instance, the devastating role of Propositions 13 in California and 2½ in Massachusetts, which slashed funding for schools in two of the country's most high-tech-industry-intensive regions: Silicon Valley and Route 128 outside Boston. (Incidentally, high-tech firms in Massachusetts provided 60 percent of the campaign funds for passage of Proposition 2½.)

There is also nothing here on the well-established value of certain kinds of computer-based education, or on the reports of the positive experiences that many schools, including some with low-income programs, have had with computer training. Inaccurate jabs at computer entertainment like war games omit mention of the fact that war games can be historically accurate simulations that reflect moral, ethical and material concerns. Chris Crawford's game Balance of Power simulates a crisis of nuclear brinkmanship, in which the game ends altogether if tensions escalate far enough and someone hits the button.

In the workplace, as in the schools and the military arena, high technology has had a formidable and ominous impact on employment and health. But without systematic data and a consistent methodological approach outlining infractions and possible responses, Siegel and Markoff are screaming into the wind. If, as they say, "we face the same dilemma that confronted out predecessors during the first industrial revolution," they ought to have provided the kind of analysis and labor-history perspective that characterizes Robert Howard's *Brave New Workplace*. What we need from them is a tangible blueprint for action—one located in the context of evolving economic conditions, labor relations and the crisis of trade unionism.

In reality, corporate computer culture is a rich, problematic environment. It's a moving target that requires the precise aim found in *Processed World*, a magazine published by and for electronic-information shufflers and other less enfranchised high-tech workers—data processors, typesetters, office temps and bike messengers. The magazine documents in raw form the work culture that eludes Siegel and Markoff. Pissy where Siegel and Markoff are pious, witty where they are plodding and crafty where they are clumsy, pseudonymous contributors such as pandora pennyroyal and helen high-water chronicle the indignities and horrors of contemporary service work—computer monitored speedup, assorted cases of the "VDTs" and the sexism endemic to the data-processing pools.

Processed World is written for and by people who live and breathe the price of progress, while *The High Cost of High Tech* is a price-of-progress primer for readers still high on the shiny promises of the chip. The magazine serves up some pretty spirited menus of reform, ranging from office organizing to out-and-out sabotage. What a shame that Siegel and Markoff don't seem to have consulted it. Whereas *Processed World* locks horns with the corporate culture, their book fails to address anything but the most recent symptoms of advanced capitalism. The computer comprises two principal components: the VDT, a window into what the computer processes; and the CPU, or central processing unit, which does the work. Siegel and Markoff give us a good, harsh look at the VDT. Meanwhile, the CPU keeps processing. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Jennifer Bartlett

Every event in the history of modern art happens twice—the first time in the studio, the second time in the nursery school. Hardly had Jackson Pollock broken the ice by flinging arabesques of paint across a horizontal surface than neat rows of dripped paintings could be observed drying outside schoolrooms from coast to coast. Since the first thing many infants see when they open their eyes to the world is a mobile dangling over the bassinet, making mobiles in kindergarten is now as natural as fingerpainting. The collage was almost instantaneously transmitted from Montmartre to the day-care center. The parent who criticizes an artwork by murmuring that his child could do that is confessing that he or she is out of touch with the child's education. The appropriate Johnsonian riposte is, "Sir, she already has." To be sure, few such murmurs are to be heard in front of Raphael's *Transfiguration* or Poussin's *The Death of Phocion*. But that only means that most of what pertains to modernist art never meets the eye. A formula for beginning to think about such work is to subtract whatever a child in fact can do; the essence of the work resides in what is left over. And this—a body of thought—if not altogether inaccessible to a childish intelligence, must be transmitted in some way other than by requiring her to imitate with her hand that portion of the total work accessible to her eye.

When I visited the immense retrospective exhibition of the work of Jennifer Bartlett at the Brooklyn Museum, I shared its galleries with groups of schoolchildren. As the teachers were obliged to speak above the engaging tumult of their charges, I was able to overhear a fair amount of well-intended pedagogy from educators who clearly did not find this artist as difficult as I do. So I listened in order to determine what to subtract, to learn how to gain access to those inner thoughts that give meaning to the outer portion of the work. One group was seated in an unruly semicircle before a segment of Bartlett's celebrated *Rhapsody*, which was the primary object of my visit. Begun on Long Island in the summer of 1975 (not very far, in fact, from where Pollock discovered the drip) and exhibited the following year at the Paula Cooper Gallery, where the artist herself saw it for the first time completely assembled, *Rhapsody* consists of nearly a thousand enameled plates, each one foot square, regimented (with one exception) to form a grid seven squares high, in rows 141 squares long. The modules are separated from one another by one precise inch. Each module is overlaid with a silver grid silk-screened on, reminiscent of that system of squares an academic artist will impose on a drawing to facilitate transfer to the larger surface on which the final work is to be executed. Or, more consonant perhaps with the industrial connotation and provenance of the modules, the overlay could be viewed as a graph. The upper left module, where one begins to read the work, is left untouched, but across the vast expanse of *Rhapsody*, as though it were an abstract comic strip of epic dimension, Bartlett has deployed a number of images. Some of these take up several of the squares. Some take up just a single square. Some of the squares are, in a way, their own images and hence self-referential, for

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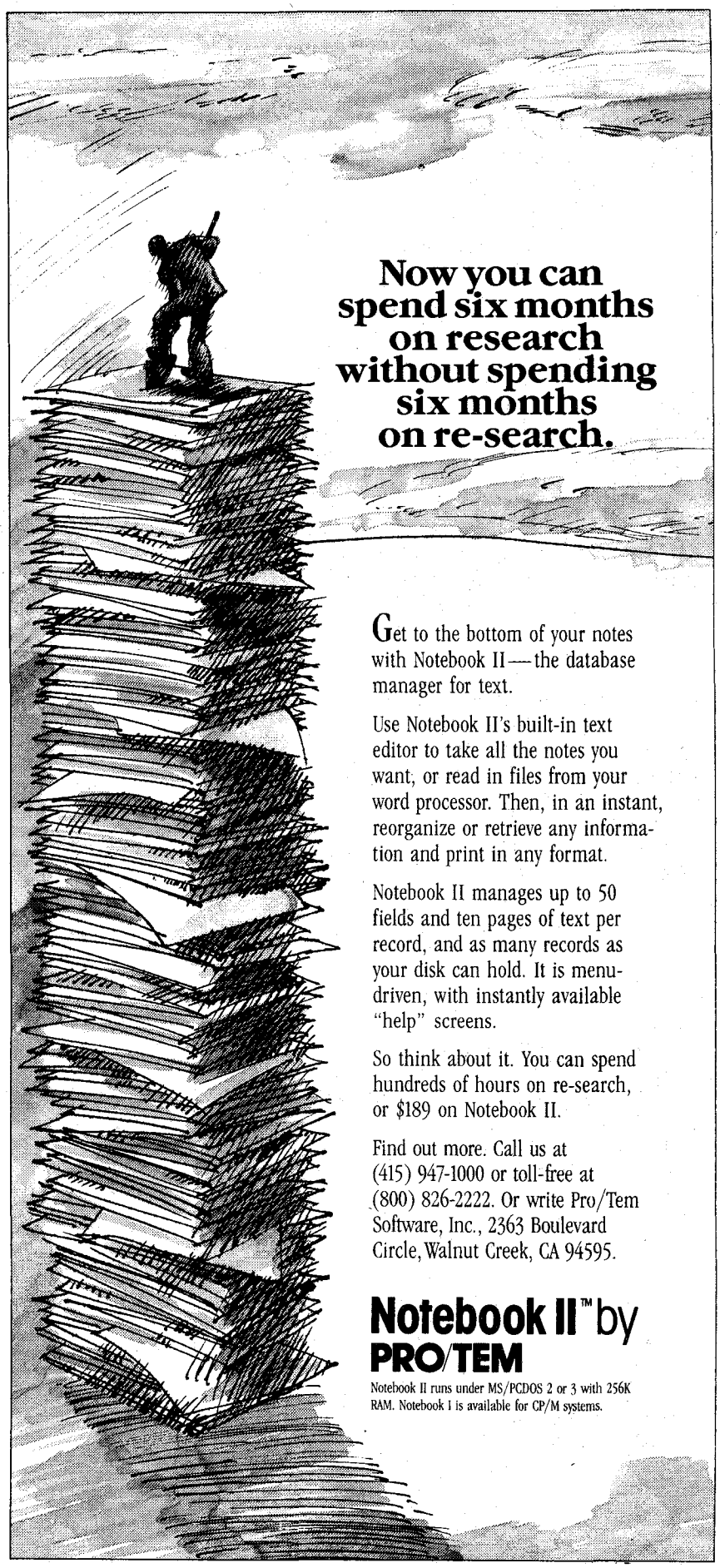
squares are among the things the work is about. It is a rich and demanding piece of art, and I was naturally interested in how it was to be explained to minds untouched by the art world, in no position to ask whether this is art, any more than it could occur to them to raise such questions about the objects in the Brooklyn Museum's Egyptian collection or its galleries of primitive art, which they had doubtless visited on other excursions.

They were given sheets of graph paper and instructed to fold them into twelve squares. Then they were told to draw something in each square, but always something different from square to square. Since they were being taught to be creative in the newest way, they were cautioned not to look at one another's work, though Bartlett herself has clearly peeked over every shoulder in the history of art. My aim is not to scold the teachers, who had a hard enough time collecting the sheets they had handed out, but rather to reflect on what instruction I would give children were it my intention to move them toward an understanding of this work. To be sure, it is (very) roughly true that Bartlett has drawn something in each square and something different from square to square. But whatever it was that she undertook that summer, she achieved something that these children were asked to duplicate only in the most external way. It would not have helped had the children been terribly privileged and been told to do the same thing with 988 enameled metal squares. A better instruction would have been this: get everything in the world in twelve squares. Bartlett's own recorded motive was to make a work that "had everything in it."

So stupendous an ambition has seldom been pursued since Hephaestus forged the shield of Achilles: "He made the earth upon it, and the sky, and the sea's water,/And the fireless sun, and the moon waxing into her fullness." Achilles' shield has considerably greater human content than *Rhapsody*, which reduces that portion of "everything" that expresses human reality to a very minimal house. But as Achilles observes when his mother lays the shield before him, no mortal could have made it. Nor could a child have made *Rhapsody*. But a child might have made something that incorporates part of the work's spirit by trying to comply with my imagined directive, for a set of choices and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a certain kind of thought would be required were "everything" to be expressed through twelve images. The child would have to exercise powers of abstraction, universalization, reduction and symbolization before putting his or her felt-tip pen to paper, and would have to be prepared to situate his or her decisions in a structure of justification and explanation. Each of the chosen images would have to be condensed and would stand for a wide class of things—as the house expresses the entirety of human reality—and in seeing how to do this, the child would re-enact the kind of thought I believe animated this singular object.

Having decided to house everything in a single work of art, Bartlett was committed to an analytical and synoptic program. She says she chose the first four things that entered her mind, but the very structure of the program meant that these had to be very elemental things. What occurred to her were: mountain, ocean, tree and house. She then decided on three geometrical components: circle, triangle, square. This, I surmise, means that *Rhapsody* exists on two levels, corresponding, in a way, to what natural philosophers of the seventeenth century would have distinguished as primary and secondary qualities. The primary qualities are the quantifiable properties—space, time, shape—to which her lexicon of geometric forms perhaps answers. Secondary qualities are those of sense and feeling—the colors and textures of the world as we see and touch and live in it. The world of secondary qualities is composed of such things as mountains, oceans, trees and houses. But a mountain is a triangle; a house, a triangle set on a square; a tree could be a circle set on a column of squares. The phenomenal world resolves into the geometrical world, the world of geometry is actualized in the realm of what we sense.

If one were programmatic and determined, one might seek a set of formulas through which whatever is sayable could be translated into the vocabulary of mountain, ocean, tree and house, and this then translated into the deeper language of geometry. Nothing quite so constructionistic was intended by Bartlett, I dare say, but she did mean for the work to have the structure of a kind of conversation, in which certain topics recur in different contexts—so the house reappears in different forms. It is possible to imagine that there are, perhaps, four voices in the conversation, four styles of representing the basic elements of the work (and the world). There is a lyric voice, which depicts the world in lush brush strokes; an analytical voice, which construes angles and modulates abstract forms; a child's voice, exemplified in some of the deliberately infantile ways in which a mountain or a tree is drawn. And there may be a philosophical or mystical voice, which objects to the plurality even of Bartlett's restricted vocabulary and demands, in the manner of Thales of Miletus, who argued that everything is water, a final monistic reduction. Eighteen columns of *Rhapsody* are given over to the ocean, which might be read as stringently minimalist except for the great range of distinct blue hues with which it is painted. But there is a lot of water throughout the work. One segment, a square of squares, forty-nine in all, is given over to a loosely brushed landscape dominated by two cascading trees, more or less in the shape of poplars or cypresses, behind which runs an unmistakable stream. Another such square, in an analytical notation, the dots of a computer graphic, is almost fully occupied by the house in its most compelling manifestation.

Rhapsody is a four-part invention and an absorbing work. I do not know what its intended shape is, whether it was meant to be a wall but has compromised for the exhibit to become four walls (with a door), to form a kind of room. I thought it suitable that it should be installed that way, surrounding the viewer with what is, after all, the whole world. I was grateful when the room/work emptied out, as the children were shepherded on to the next thing, leaving me to ponder what might have been said to them. I do not know the degree to which children consciously think in terms of levels or parts and wholes or themes and variations, but those would be among the things I would try to get them to see in the work. Then I would ask them to see the same elements in the other works that composed the exhibition, for just as the four elements emerge and re-emerge in *Rhapsody*'s different discourses, they appear and reappear, over and over again, throughout the entire retrospective, almost obsessively. It is as though the corpus produced thus far by this exceptionally ambitious artist were a continuation of the conversation of *Rhapsody*. And much as that work must be taken as a whole and not sold plate by plate or section by section, the body of Bartlett's output has the quality of a single work produced over fifteen years. It is as though "everything" were the least (hence only) relevant unit of her enterprise, as though it were to be taken as an evolving whole. Once one sees each style as but one of the voices in the conversation, one realizes that she uses styles rather than has a style. She uses them as she uses her elemental things. And just as she might need to augment her spare vocabulary, she might take on further styles as required by the global demands of the work.

An axiom system in mathematics defines a kind of universe. Its axioms are meant to be the basic truths of that universe, from which all further truths follow as a matter of logic. Naturally, one seeks for the smallest set of axioms possible, but sometimes a truth one thought one could prove turns out to be basic, and the axioms must be expanded to include it. Each such system also has a set of basic terms or concepts, through which everything else in that universe can be defined. But the idea is to express everything with the fewest terms possible. Bartlett has been obliged to extend her basic vocabulary over the years. She has added swimmers and boats, each of which enables the conversation to take up matters that cannot be expressed in the spare language of mountains, oceans, trees and houses. The swimmers are perhaps too amoeboid, pink disks quivering in watery media, to succeed in carrying an explicit humanity into the work. But the boats interact with the houses to define two fundamental moments of human life: security and adventure, stability and exploration, possibly masculinity and femininity. A single boat in a painting by Monet carries a brooding lesson on the solitary meaning of life. "Single swimmers in a waste of waves"—a line from Virgil—was used by Schopenhauer to symbolize philosophical thinkers. Boats and swimmers are marvelous symbols.

The boats and houses have acquired a kind of three-dimensionality in the later work, often standing in front of paintings that show blank shapes in the midst

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of brush-swept landscapes, as though marking the places they quit in order to take up residence in the real world. There was a whole room in which such actualized shapes stood in front of the paintings to which they belonged. The boats are quirky in material and construction. There was a brick boat, a boat made of cement, another boat made of sheets of copper. Some had plaid sails. It is easy to see why it seemed a natural exhibition to bring children to. The round area under the rotunda became a kind of marina, with toy boats moored here and there around the shore, on which stood the toy houses, behind which were those paintings with their singular emptinesses and florid brushwork. The effect was somewhat ghostly, and I do not know quite what these works try.

Jennifer Bartlett is an artist about whom there are strongly divided opinions. I know many who despise her, who find her work empty, factitious, pretended, facile and self-absorbed. I have become one of her enthusiasts. I could not find reasons for everything she did, but in some way I felt, immediately upon entering the exhibition, that I was in the presence of an exceptional creative force and an unmistakable authenticity. The brushy trees in *Rhapsody* have become more and more central, especially in her paintings of gardens. In the next-to-last gallery were three paintings of an ornamental pool with a banal figurine of a peeing boy, set in an abandoned garden under heavy shade. The garden is dense with shadow, the trees stirred by a melancholy wind. Each painting shows the pool from a different vantage point, three glances, each slightly different but not deeply different. They are very beautiful, full of the moody and urgent brush movements of someone who could be a major painter were that her goal.

Organized by Marge Goldwater at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, the exhibition completed its sojourn at the Brooklyn Museum, alas, on January 6. It will travel to the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art and after that to the Museum of Art of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. I would make a serious effort to see it if you are within striking distance of either of these institutions. Meanwhile, if you missed the show at the Brooklyn, you can experience *Rhapsody* through a fine book, *Jennifer Bartlett: Rhapsody*. Published by Abrams, it has a very useful introduction by Roberta Smith, who contributed as well to the exhibition's excellent catalogue, which will give you some sense of the other work. □

FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Down and Out in Beverly Hills

Beverly Hills! In the immortal words of George Shelton, regular panelist on the beloved radio program *It Pays to Be Ignorant*, "I usta woik in that town." Few land tracts have undergone such radical social transformation in so short a time. Within the memory of people still living (if barely), Beverly Hills was a desolate strip of desert to which real-estate developers lured potential investors from Los Angeles with a box lunch and a free trip on a trolley to nowhere. Land went for a dollar a foot of frontage on Wilshire Boulevard, where Neiman-Marcus now rises like a late Babylonian ziggurat. Through the 1950s, Beverly Hills was a stable suburban enclave for the Hollywood bourgeoisie, where George Burns played pinochle with the boys and Gracie went shopping with the girls at branch boutiques of famous marts in bigger cities. So suburban was its image, in fact, that Leonard Bernstein naturally included Beverly Hills in his list of classic master-bedroom communities in *Trouble in Tahiti*: Scarsdale, Shaker Heights, Elkins Park, Brookline, Bloomfield Hills . . .

I plied the sunlit lanes of Beverly Hills in the early 1960s, on the cusp of the latest transformation, as suburban funk gave way to world-class glitz. A new aristocracy overtook the old gentry; Missoni costumes supplanted Claire McCardell sports ensembles; $60 lunches of nouvelle *chazzerei* replaced the staple Reuben sandwich; exotic cars from Axis countries cruised the boulevards where once a great white fleet of Cadillacs and Continentals ruled. I heard the other day that they finally tore down the old Café Swiss on Rodeo Drive, a dingy luncheonette furnished in solecisms from several cultures, where we parked ourselves each day from noon to 3 to escape the sun and smog and world of work outside. Then the floodgates opened and into Beverly Hills poured the flotsam of a floundering empire: Arabs, Iranians, Eurotrash, Pacific plutocrats

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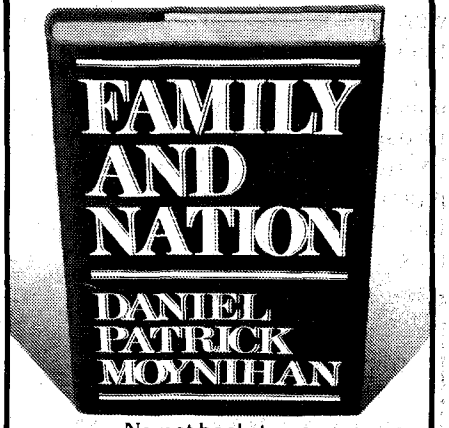

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and Wall Street wheelers; arbitragers, money-marketers, conglomerators, high-rollers and supersonic-setters; drug importers, fashion dictators, cultural kingmakers and development czars. Beverly Hills was no longer a simple suburb but a new metropolis—part resort, part theme park, part financial center, part entertainment capital, and wholly myth.

Paul Mazursky appropriates elements of the myth for his latest work, *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, but more interestingly, he assumes it as the context for the film. Its thematic antecedents, Jean Renoir's *Boudu Saved From Drowning* and Gregory La Cava's *My Man Godfrey*, were set, respectively, in Paris and on Park Avenue in the 1930s: two places and a time that have been subsumed in Beverly Hills of the 1980s. To the extent that Mazursky's movie makes sense (and it doesn't always), it does so because the world audience now believes that Beverly Hills is the repository of all the haut bourgeois values, the class totems, the social rituals and the cultural contradictions previously seen in those other settings. Mazursky had only to display the familiar shield with the city's name on it that visitors see when they cross from humdrum Hollywood into posh Beverly Hills, and all the mythic associations fell into place.

Of course, he adds other amusing signifiers. We get to see, again, the gallery of expensive shops on Rodeo Drive that Eddie Murphy visited in *Beverly Hills Cop* and Craig Wasson cruised in *Body Double*; this time, Nick Nolte, done up as Jerry the bum, is bounced from the expensive surroundings after falling on a table of aforementioned $60 lunches. Jerry then wanders through the network of driveways and alleys behind the lawns and pools and stately split-levels of the residential section, like a punter on the Cam admiring the gothic colleges and the backs. He stops beside one pool. Suddenly he is overcome by the accumulated *nausée* of his marginal existence in a world of wealth, plus the loss of his faithful mutt, and he dives to the bottom. But heaven must wait. Out of the great house rushes the Whiteman family, with Chicana maid, Japanese gardener and family dog. Dave (Richard Dreyfuss) jumps in for the rescue; Barbara (Bette Midler) just jumps up and down. The dog (Mike) helps.

Before long, Jerry (like Boudu and Godfrey) has taken over the house, seduced the inhabitants in one way or another and is on his way to the commanding heights of the class from which he has always been excluded. He is a walking contradiction to the fears and foibles of the family. He relights Barbara's sexual fire; he tears Dave away from the restraints of his offshore business (he manufactures coat hangers in Tijuana); he stimulates the appetite of their anorexic daughter (Tracy Nelson); and he brings their son, Max (Evan Richards), out of the closet of appropriate dress and sexual behavior into the sunlight of punk transvestism.

At the end, of course, there is a contradiction-within-the-contradiction. Jerry's dominance of the Whiteman family produces a dependency that is almost as nauseating to the formerly footloose free spirit as marginality. Freedom being just another word for nothing left to lose, he prepares his departure. But this is absurd. Who would leave the beautiful house, the beautiful car (specified in the wonderful Talking Heads song on the soundtrack), the electronic can opener, the home video center, the spacious digs, the lubricious maid, the adoring dog?

If you can stand back from Beverly Hills even for a moment, it looks like the funniest place on earth. I always smiled to myself, and sometimes laughed out loud, on my way to and from the Café Swiss. Beverly Hills plays itself as broad social comedy, and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* incorporates enough of the comic turns to keep everyone laughing. It's too bad, though, that Mazursky dulls the edge of comedy with his usual soft soap. *Boudu* and *Godfrey* were products of a popular-front humor that kept its bite even in moments of social reconciliation and redemption. What we've got here is a Beverly Hills cop-out. Mazursky exploits the myth but never exposes it. It's funny but only farcical, and a cushy life with the Whitemans is no real alternative to drowning. □

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R	■	U	■	G	■	U	■	R	■	L	■	N	■	E
E	A	S	Y	A	S	P	I	E	■	I	N	K	E	D
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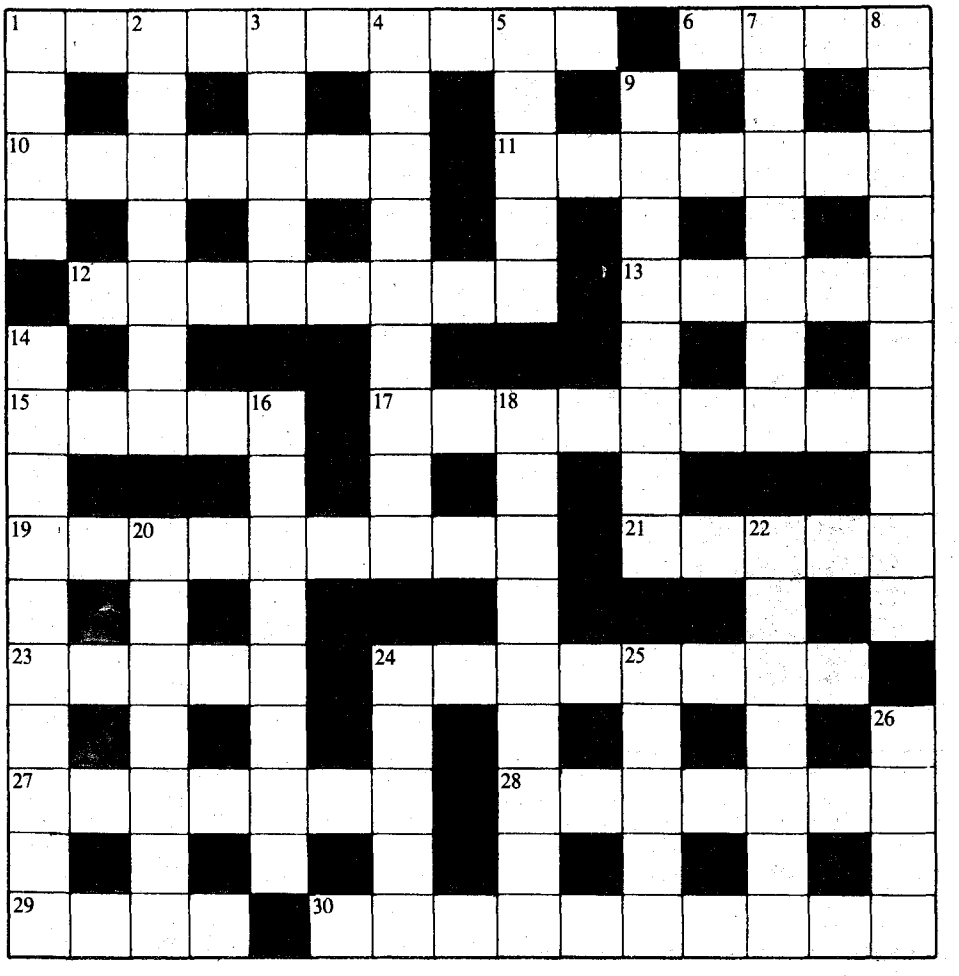

ACROSS

1, 19, 8 down and 14 down Fruit peal of nursery rhyme? (7,3,6,3,3,5,2,2,8)
6 Perhaps lost quarters go here. (4)
10 Material made from a couple of animals, at least. (7)
11 One wouldn't expect to find good prose this way. Quite the opposite! (7)
12 So you've got out of trouble! (No rent paid, either!) (4,4)
13 Some leeway needed to show what might happen in hand-to-hand fighting. (5)
15 Perhaps an Italian versifier sat back thus. (5)
17 Admission of the prejudiced, yet unbiased. (9)
19 See 1 across
21 Supposedly a memorable place in Texas. (5)
23 Saying it might be a machine gun should give you the clue. (5)
24 Waving someone down because it's getting weaker? (8)
27 One might be put up—perhaps one around what belongs to me . . . (7)
28 . . . and this might be put up in the garden. (7)
29 Well, it's similar to this—but more of a collector. (4)
30 Concerning a debt to 4 down, answered "When I get rich!" (The sort of horse to sneak away from, obviously.) (10)

DOWN

1 The Little Brothers might be led astray in such circles. (4)
2 The song suggests they're away, one hears, but they usually get pulled up. (7)
3 Eat too much cheddar, perhaps. (5)
4 With 8 down, implied a debt of a little over a penny. (2,7)
5 One is easily upset by such! (5)
7 Folk knowledge with a bunch of pretties is bound to prove hazardous on a German flower. (7)
8 See 1 across
9 A little Gounod added to a little Bach, and you've got it! (3,5)
14 See 1 across
16 Roman ten, in a way, but perhaps a cross of gold. (8)
18 What one with three bags full had to do, in part, though the wage-earner might be happy to see such. (9)
20 The leading man of 23 holds one quiet, commonly, but it's the most! (7)
22 Might make a girl turn, perhaps, and allow a little ring of it. (7)
24 Butler had a way with all this. (5)
25 Avidity implied by a large number, as some say, on the grass. (5)
26 Sholom sounds like a good tennis player, but could be like Charles shortly. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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